THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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FLY, BIRDIE!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HAROLD ST. CLAIR.

Fly, birdie, o'er the land,
Fly, birdie, o'er the sea,
And bring me word why one I love
Is so unkind to me.

He trode along the ancient street,
Knocked bravely once, no more,—
He heard the tread of tripping feet,
A vision oped the door.

O radiant face and radiant eyes,
O voice of trembling bliss!
'Twere worth a journey round the world,
A welcome like to this!

O radiant face and radiant eyes,
O shape so lithe and free,
Until I reach the peopled skies,
Fairer I shall not see!

Could that hour pass and fade away,
And leave no thought behind?
Could either e'er forget that day,
Though death should dull the mind?

If this could be, what may not be?
Joy's height, woe's deepest pain,
May all rub out 'neath the slow years'
Alternate sun and rain.

And yet perhaps 'twere better thus;
Better that all should go,
And leave no memory and no trace,
As perished last year's snow.

Or she at least may deem that hour
Better forgot—and now
Welcome another with rapt tone,
And radiant eye and brow.

Fly, birdie, then, over the land,
Fly, birdie, o'er the sea,
And bring me word if one I love
No longer cares for me.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "ARTIST'S BRIDE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIX.

A HAPPY SURPRISE.

Four days passed away—four days of peril, hardship, and suffering; and then at last—pale, gaunt, and faint—my clothes in rags, my feet bleeding, and my whole body torn with thorns and brambles—I halted in front of a beautiful mansion, whose massive garden walls enclosed many a broad acre of all that earth sends forth as the glory of the *tierra caliente*.

Four days a wanderer and a fugitive! with little rest, less food, and constantly pursued, either in imagination or reality, and sometimes both, by bold, bad men, all thirsting for my blood!

The first night of my escape I spent in wandering among the mountains; and a little after daylight I climbed a large tree, in whose branches I remained through the day. And well was it for me that I did so—for long before noon some three or four men passed in pursuit of me, and no power on earth could have saved me had I again fallen into their hands. At dark I came down, and eagerly set forward, I knew not whither. That night I got clear of the mountains, and at daylight found myself crossing a large plain, through a thicket so dense that I was continually obliged to part the bushes with my hands. I labored forward in this manner till my strength became exhausted; and then, throwing myself down on the ground, I fell asleep. A few hours sleep refreshed me, and I again set forward; and before night I got clear of the thicket, and came to a miserable hut, where I procured some food, but could learn nothing concerning the locality, nor in what direction to shape my course to reach Soto la Marina.

But why dwell upon those four days of wandering! Let it suffice that on the evening of the fourth day, just as the shadows of night had begun to steal rapidly over the earth, I stood in front of a beautiful mansion, in the forlorn condition described at the opening of this chapter. It was the first respectable dwelling I had seen since my escape from the outlaws; but though greatly in need of human assistance, I remained for some time in doubt of the propriety of voluntarily placing myself in the power of those who might prove to be my enemies.

At length, however, urged on by my necessities, I decided for the venture; and almost crawling to the main gate, I knocked for admittance. At first there was no answer, and I began to tremble lest I had come upon a deserted dwelling. I repeated my signal for admittance, and was soon greatly rejoiced to hear a sharp, clear voice demand:

"Who is there?"

"A stranger in distress," I replied.

The gate was partially opened, and I was closely scrutinized by some one on the inside.

"Are you alone?" demanded the voice.

"I am alone, weak and famishing," I faintly replied.

At this the gate was opened a few feet wider, and I was bidden to enter, which I did, and found myself in the presence of two men, the one a priest and the other the porter. As soon as I beheld the robes of the priest, which I did by a light he held in his hand, a feeling of relief and security came over me; and looking up in his face, I was surprised to recognise the features of the curate I had seen at the hacienda of Don Ramon de La Mora.

"We first met at Palo Alto," said I, as he stood looking curiously at me, with the expression of one who is endeavoring to recall something past.

"Ah, yes!" he replied; "I thought I perceived something familiar in your countenance."

"Can I claim hospitality here, let me be of what faction I may?" I inquired.

"We all have need of charity, and should never fail to bestow it where we can," he rejoined. "Let me light you to the hall, and order you some refreshment—for, by your looks, you need food and rest."

"To whom does this dwelling belong?" inquired I, as I followed him up a broad flight of stone steps, which led to the main hall.

"It is owned by a Spanish lady, a widow, who is distantly related to Don Ramon de La Mora."

"Speaking of Don Ramon, good father, do you know if he has returned to Palo Alto?" I inquired.

"No—because he could not think himself safe there, with General Mina at Soto la Marina; and he could not have heard of the general's departure, in time to have returned at this present speaking."

"And has General Mina left Soto la Marina?" inquired I, in surprise and some alarm.

"He passed here yesterday, with most of his troops, and did us the honor to take away some goods belonging to Don Ramon, without so much as saying, 'By your leave, good hostess!'"

"Passed here yesterday?" repeated I. "Can you tell me whither he has gone?"

"I cannot; but there is one of his officers here, who, overcome by the heat and fatigue, was not in a condition to resume the march when the troops left at an early hour yesterday morning."

"Pray, good father, let me see this officer!" said I, not a little excited by the intelligence.

"In good time, my son; I think the ladies are with him now; and, besides, you will be all the better for some refreshment first. There, here we are," he continued, as he pointed me to a seat in the hall, and rung a small, silver bell, "and you shall soon have something to cheer the inner man."

To the servant who answered his ring, he gave some orders; and then returning to me, he sat down by my side, and said, in a kindly tone:

"You have travelled far, my son, and through thorny paths?"

"Say rather through thorny thickets without paths," returned I. "Confess, good father, you are curious to know why I appear before you in this sad plight!"

"Nay, rather do you confess, my son, and then I shall know," he jocularly rejoined.

"But suppose I am not of your faith?"

"Then the more need that you do confess," he laughed.

"Well," said I, "having first met you under the roof of Don Ramon, and in the presence of the true-hearted Senorita Carlota, I think I can trust you."

"In the presence of la Senorita Carlota!" he repeated, in surprise. "I do not remember it."

"Do you remember the young Patriot officer, who visited Don Ramon the night before his flight, and who was insulted by General La Garza, and for whom the fair Senorita so boldly interposed?"

"But you are not that officer?"

"The same."

"But these garments?"

"Are not of course the same I wore then—for this is the garb of a menial in the service of the terrible Romanillo."

He instantly changed color, made the sign of the cross, and exclaimed:

"Holy Virgin! what do you mean, my son?"

"That since that night some very wonderful things have happened to me, good father. First, I was murdered; secondly, robbed; thirdly, I became a *peon;* fourthly, a *mozo de caballeros*, in the band of Romanillo; and lastly, I am here, I know not where, a poor, wandering, almost famished fugitive."

The full round face of the priest took on a look of wonder and commiseration, and he muttered to himself:

"Poor fellow! he has lost his reason."

"Nay, good father, so far from that, I have enough to satisfy even you of the truth of all I have stated."

"Ah! here comes the wine!" he said, as a servant at the moment presented a dark bottle and two silver cups on a silver salver. "A little I think will not hurt him!" he added, hesitatingly, as he took up the bottle and looked curiously at me.

"At least I will risk it, good father," said I.

He poured out a small quantity, and I drank it off; and so reduced was I, that in a moment I seemed to feel its invigorating effects in all my veins. A minute after another servant appeared with a dish of highly seasoned soup, which I proceeded to dispose of with a gusto only known to him whose fast has brought him to the borders of starvation.

"There," said the priest, pleasantly, as he watched me empty the bowl, "you are certainly the better for that, and presently you shall have something more substantial. Meanwhile, my son, if you are really sane—and, upon my conscience, I hardly know what to think—will you be kind enough to explain what you mean by being dead and alive, an officer, a *peon*, and a *lad-rone?*"

"Most cheerfully, good father; and not only explain, but give ample proof that every assertion is true."

Accordingly I gave him a brief account of my adventures, from the time I was shot down by the bandits, till I stood at the gate of my present refuge.

"Most wonderful!" he exclaimed, when I had done; "surpassing even fancy! And this terrible Romanillo! to think of his escape from the military! Really, he must have a thousand lives!"

"Perhaps as many confederates," suggested I.

"Demons from Hades!" he added, seriously, lifting the cross which hung at his girdle, and reverently pressing it to his lips. "Ah! poor Don Ramon!" he pursued; "he has had trouble enough in saving his own; and it is little he will retain, I fear, when all shall be over—the saints be merciful to him! Beset on all sides, there was nought for him but flight; but he was pursued and overtaken by the Rebels—(Pardon me, my son! I fear I am too much of a Royalist and loyalist to term your faction 'Patriots!')—he was overtaken by the Rebels, I say, and his property seized; but it was gallantly rescued, with the loss of many lives, to be again seized by another band of robbers, and be again rescued by loyal hearts of the true faith. All this, however, will cost him dearly: for the church must have her dues for funeral rites and masses for the souls of the slain; the Royal troops must be paid for time spent in his service; and when all shall have been settled, poor Don Ramon—"

"Will find he has gained nothing by his duplicity!" interrupted I, with some asperity. "I do not pity him—for, saving your presence, good father, he is a false-hearted man! Had he been true to his professions, he would have served those who would in turn have rid the country of its vampires!"

"Silence, my son!" sternly rejoined the priest: "I cannot listen to such language as this!"

"Then, good father, let us change the subject!" said I. "How far are we from Soto la Marina?"

"Twenty-five leagues."

"So far!" returned I, in surprise: "I must have sadly wandered from the direct route. Will you be kind enough to tell me the military news, without adding anything to wound my feelings?"

"I will give you facts, my son, so far as I know. The shipping of General Mina has been seized; a part of his troops have deserted; a few remain at Soto la Marina, where they have thrown up a fort, which will not withstand a siege; and the rest are following their leader through a hostile country, where they must soon be cut to pieces by the thousands who are already on the march to crush them."

"And it will require thousands, who fight for Spanish tyranny, to crush out the few hundreds who have so nobly embarked in the glorious cause of liberty!" said I, proudly.

"My son," replied the priest, gravely, "be not over presumptuous, nor vain beyond reason! Your comrades may be brave, whether fighting for liberty, tyranny, or plunder; but instead of man to man, or even one against two, they must numerically do battle as one against a host; and therefore they must and will fall—all! all! You are not with them now, my son; and if you will take the advice of one who means you well, you will not follow on to certain death!"

"Good father, you mean me well, I believe; but your advice cannot in honor be taken. With my brave comrades I have embarked on an ocean of adventure; and if the dark waves of death engulph them, it is fit that my grave should be with theirs."

"And do you really intend to follow those misguided men, my son?"

"Unless restrained by force, father."

"I pity you, my son—I pity you—you should have had a brighter destiny! But come! while your supper is preparing, let me show you to a bath, and give you a change of garments, for we have some that are better than yours."

"I should indeed like to appear before the ladies in better plight," I returned, hesitatingly; "but I fear, as a stranger and an enemy, I shall be trespassing too much upon your hospitality?"

The good priest smiled kindly, as he replied:

"Our Great Spiritual Captain—in whose ranks I seek to fight the good fight, though in never so humble a capacity—commanded his followers to love their enemies, and do good to all men—therefore, thank not me for what you may receive, but rather Him who is worthy of all praise. Come, my son, I will show you the bath, and procure you more decent apparel; and when you shall again appear, I trust to find you in a suitable condition for your supper."

"But not in so suitable a condition for appearing in arms against my benefactor," said I, as the priest took up the light and I rose to follow him.

At this moment a door opened near us; and a servant with a light, followed by another priest and four ladies, entered the hall.

"We are too late," said Father Gabriel, the good priest with whom I had been conversing, "for here comes Father Fabian, and La Senora, and you cannot get out of the room without speaking to her."

He had scarcely uttered these words, in a quick, low tone, when la Dona Raquel, the lady of the mansion, perceiving a stranger present, hastily advanced before the others, looking alternately at Father Gabriel and myself.

"An officer of Mina's command, who has been a prisoner among the robbers," said the priest to the lady. And then turning to me, he added: "My son, let me present you to our kind and noble hostess, la Dona Raquel Maria De Rios."

I made a low bow, and was shrinking modestly back, with the intention of offering some apology for my appearance, when, before I could utter a word, she seized my hand, in the most cordial manner, and in a tone that carried conviction of sincerity, said:

"Senor, you are welcome here, and it will afford me great pleasure to be able to serve you. Consider this house your home, and all in it at your command."

Instinctively I looked up in her face, to see if the expression of her features corresponded with her words—for, as I have elsewhere intimated, it is the custom of the Spaniards and their descendants to offer you as a present whatever you may chance to notice or admire—it being supposed, in return, that you will have the good sense to consider such offer a very polite compliment and nothing more,—but the countenance of Dona Raquel expressed both sympathy and benevolence, and I was satisfied that her words of welcome were cordially intended.

She was a large, fine, noble-looking woman, about five-and-forty years of age, with dark, expressive eyes, and a face sweetly beaming with the higher graces of both mind and soul. Her dress of deep black, with the long, graceful rebozo draping her head and bust, harmonized well with her complexion and the sweet, grave dignity of her disposition and years.

"I most humbly thank you, madam," said I, in reply, "for your kindly proffer of hospitality to one not only a stranger, but I fear an enemy to the cause you wish to see prosper; but though in principle we may be foes, I trust that personally we shall always be friends."

Thus far I had kept my eyes upon the hostess, and had only noticed her companions by a transient glance as they entered; but now, being aware of a quick, unusual movement among the ladies who had followed la Dona Raquel, I turned to make them the customary polite obeisance; when, to my great surprise, I recognized the features of two, as the beautiful Carlota and her mother, the wife and daughter of Don Ramon de La Mora.

They did not seem to recognize me, however, owing probably to the marked change in my personal appearance, and the fact of their attention being divided between me and their other female companion, who had stepped a little forward and aside, and, with heaving breast and clasped hands, in an attitude of eager hope and joyful surprise, now stood with her eyes fixed wildly upon me. My own attention being thus drawn to her who was now the cynosure of all eyes, I had only time to perceive that she was young, and, as I fancied, enchantingly lovely, when, to my utter amazement, she sprung forward, like a leaping fawn, and, throwing her soft arms around my neck, exclaimed, in those sweet tones which had before thrilled my very soul:

"God and the saints be blessed! it is Don Edmondo, alive and safe!"

For a moment or two I stood speechless with amazement; and then, gently disengaging the arms of the clinging and sobbing girl, I stepped back and looked full into the beautiful face of the trembling, blushing, and lovely—Benita Morilla.

CHAPTER XX.

AMONG FRIENDS.

It were vain for me to attempt a portrayal of my rapturous feelings, as with the flash of recognition I sprung forward and clasped the fair girl to my breast; for now I was conscious that the heart of the poor orphan was mine; that I had inspired a passion, over which the mutations of time could bring no change; that there was one being in the wide world, who, through weal or through woe—on the summit of fame, fortune, and happiness, or in the depths of degradation, misery and despair—would gladly cling to me till death, and beyond death; and alone in the world as I then was, with a void in my heart, and a yearning for the sympathy and affection of some gentle being whom I could in return love, cherish, and protect, this knowledge thrilled me with a purer joy than I had ever known, even in the happiest moments I had spent with her who had proved false to truth, faithless to honor, and delusive to hope.

"Oh, Edmondo," said Benita, with tearful eyes, as, a few moments later, we found ourselves seated side by side, with her fair hand clasped in mine, "do you remember the last time I saw you?"

"You stood on the *azotea* of Don Rafael's dwelling, waving me an affectionate adieu," said I.

"Oh, why, dear Edmondo, did you make that venture alone? My heart misgave me before you set out—but you would not listen to me! Well, I waited, in trembling apprehension, for your reappearance, till I fancied I heard the report of a pistol; and then I felt sure you had been murdered, and I became so agitated that I could scarcely stand. I tried to make your friends understand what had happened, and get them to go to your assistance, if possibly you might be living; but they only shook their heads, held a consultation together, and looked compassionately at me. Oh, those horrible moments of torturing suspense! But what were they compared with those which followed the awful certainty, when some half-a-dozen men rode out from the wood, and held up, piece by piece, your garments, and shook them at us with an air of triumph and defiance!"

"Did they indeed do that?" returned I, in surprise: "then they must have thought the force within the rancho stronger than their own, and have had the design of drawing it out into an ambuscade."

I then proceeded to relate what had happened to myself, and the discoveries I had made, from the time of my disappearance, up to the moment of finding myself so unexpectedly in the hands of those whom I felt I could claim to be friends; and all listened to my narration with breathless interest, and more than one earnest prayer was said as a thank-offering for my wonderful preservation and deliverance.

When I had finished my story, Benita, at my request, related hers, in that simple, artless, earnest manner which gave so great a charm to everything that fell from her lips.

From the time of seeing the robbers, whom they supposed to be soldiers, shake my garments at them so defiantly, Fighting Ben and his companion had kept constantly on the watch till dark; and then, mounting their horses, with Benita in front of the Kentuckian, they had ridden cautiously forth, and picked their way back to Soto la Marina—where, as I subsequently learned, General Mina had arrived before them. On entering the town, they had met a priest—no other than Father Fabian, already mentioned—and to him Benita had told her story, and had begged his protection. To be brief, he had taken her under his charge, and the next day had set off with her for her present quarters—the good father being one who made his home beneath the roof of la Dona Raquel.

Now as good fortune would have it, Dona Raquel, from the very first, had taken a strong liking to Benita; and on learning her history, she had made the somewhat wonderful discovery, that she had known her parents when in good circumstances, and felt herself under some obligation to them for favors received; and being now a wealthy widow, and having no child of her own, she had resolved to purchase the freedom of the poor orphan and adopt her.

Thus I had the further satisfaction of seeing her in whom I took so deep an interest, in the hands of friends, who, whatever might be my own fate, would never let her want or suffer again; and if anything could have increased the happiness I experienced in meeting with her in the manner recorded, it would have been the whispered communication of the good hostess, that I met her as her adopted daughter and heiress of her fortune.

In the most agreeable company I had ever seen, two hours glided away almost as so many minutes; and so deeply interested was I with my fair companions, that I utterly forgot my hunger and fatigue, and my own travel-soiled, ragged, and ungentlemanly appearance, till reminded by the good Father Gabriel that I had not yet taken my bath, nor tasted my supper.

"The ladies must really excuse me," said I; "not for appearing before them as I am, but for remaining so long in so disagreeable a plight; yet, without the slightest design to flatter them beyond the truth, let me add, that in no other company in the world do I believe I could have been kept from thinking of myself for so long a time."

"Pray let us be as complimentary as yourself," returned Carlota, with a light laugh, "and say that you have made yourself so very agreeable, in manner and conversation, that it has never occurred to us to scrutinize your appearance. And I will wager my sweetest smile against Benita's prettiest blush," she continued, "that she thinks you robed as a gallant knight of the days of chivalry."

"At least," rejoined Benita, with a sad, gentle smile, "I see in him my deliverer, escaped from death and worse than death, and as such he must look princely in my eyes, though clothed in the garments of a beggar."

"I yield the palm," said I, "and shall scarcely dare venture on another complimentary remark,

for fear of a fourfold repayment. That Benita has had some slight cause to look upon me favorably, I will not gainsay," I pursued; "but really, Senorita Carlota, considering all the circumstances of our first meeting, I feel I have had no claim to the kindly greetings I have received from you and your good mother."

"I understand you," replied Carlota; "you mean that you and my father are, or were, enemies politically; and that, in the capacity of an officer, under instructions from your superior, you acted in opposition to the interests of himself and family; but I see no reason why that should prevent our being friends personally, especially under circumstances so greatly changed."

"It is the province of you men to make war and fight battles," said Dona Lucrecia, (the mother of Carlota) with a smile; "but blessed are the peace-makers, says Father Gabriel; and so, wanting to be blessed for something, we poor women make peace whenever we can."

"Especially with good looking officers," said Father Fabian, with a merry laugh, in which the rest of the company joined. "My son," continued the priest, turning to me, "do not flatter yourself you are the only enemy to the Royal cause who stands high in the favor of these kind-hearted, sympathetic, *peace making* ladies—for I assure you you have a formidable rival, in the shape of a brother-officer, even now beneath this roof; and if they could have detained your whole corps, there is no calculating the consequences."

"Ah, poor Don Juan! only think how long we have neglected him!" said the mother of Carlota.

"There, my son, did I not tell you so?" laughed the priest.

"The Holy Virgin bless me!" exclaimed Carlota; "and to think I should have forgotten to invite him out here, to meet a fellow-countryman, whom undoubtedly he knows!"

"Pray tell me the name of this officer!" said I, eagerly. "Father Gabriel made mention of a gentleman being left here, from over-fatigue, and I desired to see him at once; but he said the ladies were with him, and appeared not to think it proper for us to meet just then."

"We know him as the Senor Capitan Don Juan," replied Carlota; "and although he mentioned his family name, I have forgotten it."

"Now the Saints defend me, as I believe it is the only thing he ever told you which you have forgotten!" laughed Father Fabian.

"Now hold!" interrupted Carlota, with a crimson flush; "or I will call on Father Gabriel to declare to you that I am not one to be roused with impunity!"

"That she is not, brother, as I know to my cost," laughed Father Gabriel.

"I am dumb then, except crying for peace," returned the other, in the same jocular vein.

"Well," joined in I, "I have heard enough to guess that my brother officer has fallen into sympathetic hands."

"Say rather into hands with sympathetic hearts—*one* heart at least!" laughed the priest, with a mischievous glance at Carlota, who turned her head away.

"Pray, good friends, cannot I have the pleasure of seeing this gallant knight at once?"

"Yes, Senor, at once—follow me!" said the hostess, taking up a light and leading the way to a corridor, and thence to a door, upon which she rapped lightly.

"Come in," said a voice; and on entering a small, neat apartment, I beheld the occupant, in a kind of dressing-gown and slippers, languidly reclining upon a *colchon*.

On perceiving the hostess and myself, he raised himself up, with some words of apology, saying he had supposed the visitor to be a servant, or he would have done himself the honor of opening the door.

I thought I recognized his voice, even before I got a view of his features; but the moment I saw his face, I started forward, ere Dona Raquel had time for explanation, and, seizing his hand, exclaimed in English:

"Way, Jack, my dear fellow, God bless you! is it thus we meet again!"

"Why—what—good heavens! is it possible!—no—yes—why, Ned—it *is* Ned, as I live—and Ned alive, as I am a sinner!" he cried, half doubting his senses.

"Your old school-fellow, Jack, and worth a thousand ghosts!" said I, as I wrung his hand with a gripe that did more than words to assure him of my mortality.

"Merciful God!" he gasped; "and is it really possible that I see you alive whom I have so long mourned as dead!"

"Alive, Jack, and with you, thank God!" said I, my eyes, in spite of myself, filling with tears.

"You seem to know each other!" said the hostess, who had not understood our conversation, but who judged of our friendship from our manner.

I explained to her that we were old friends; and after a few words of a congratulatory nature, she withdrew, leaving us to a social *tête-à-tête*.

We had much to say to each other, for weeks had elapsed since our separation, and many important events had occurred to both. I related what had happened to me, and my friend had his own story to tell in his own way. It is needless for the understanding of my narrative, that I should repeat the conversation we held together; and therefore I will only mention such general facts as will enable the reader to get at the true state of affairs.

To begin then: Don Ramon de La Mora had succeeded in escaping with his goods and money; but not without difficulty; for Colonel Perry had pursued and overtaken him, and captured the specie train, but had been assailed in turn by the force of General La Garza. A fight had ensued; and though the Royalists had numbered four to one of the Patriots, the latter had proved victorious; but being without horses, they had been obliged to abandon their prize, even after capturing it, and it had again fallen into the hands of their enemies. Colonel Perry, with his command, had returned to Soto la Marina, whither General Mina, not being able to find him, or hear from me, had repaired the day previous; and so the whole expedition had proved a complete failure. Whether from this cause, or others, did not exactly appear, but from some cause, Colonel Perry had shortly after become dissatisfied, and determined on abandoning the army. This would have been a comparatively trifling matter, had he been contented to go alone; but he had insidiously harangued his men, pointed out to them the dangers of an advance, the hopelessness of expecting to conquer their foes, and had so worked upon their feelings that fifty had joined him in his desertion. What had become of these, after their departure from Soto la Marina, was not known to those who remained in camp; but it was subsequently ascertained, from reliable authority, that every one was lost—Perry being the last man alive, and blowing out his own brains to save himself from falling into the hands of the enemy. Thus ignobly perished an American officer who had distinguished himself in his own country, and who was one of the gallant little band that won glory at the battle of New Orleans.

Finding it necessary for him to effect a junction with the Patriots of the interior—as the Royal troops, under different commanders, were preparing to march upon his post and crush him—General Mina, with the daring of a hero who, with a small force, had accomplished wonders and won immortal honors in his native country, had boldly resolved upon throwing up a fort on the Santander, leaving a portion of his men to garrison it, and cutting his way with the rest through all opposition to a point of safety and re-enforcement.

The fort had accordingly been constructed, and he had finally set off across the country, through tangled woods and thorny thickets, avoiding the highways; and, by long, forced, and rapid marches, had reached the hacienda of La Dona Raquel unmolested. Here he had encamped for one night, and laid the place under such contribution as he had thought necessary and proper—among other things taking possession of some goods of Don Ramon, which had been stored with Dona Raquel, his relative, for safety—no Royalist having dreamed of a Rebel force reaching this place undetected, in the very face of an army of several thousands.

And here it was that my friend—owing to indifferent health, a long, tedious march, and exposure to a burning sun, most of the way without water or provisions—had been compelled to give out, and been reluctantly left behind, to the tender care of his enemies, or at least with those who appeared to side with the dominant powers of the country.

And tender care he had so far received; for if he had "fallen upon evil times," he had certainly fallen among more than Samaritans; and every thing that the warmest friendship could have done for him in his own country, had been done for him here. Here it was he had first met the daughter of Don Ramon, the beautiful and high-souled Carlota; and if I might judge from the hints of Father Fabian, and the enthusiasm of my friend, this meeting was calculated to make an indelible impression upon the hearts of both.

Having each heard the story of the other, we next held a consultation, as to what, under the circumstances, we should consider our duty; and we both finally agreed that we were in honor bound to follow the fortunes of Mina, though his steps should lead us from the bright beings around us to a loathsome dungeon or a bloody grave. Maitland, and all the gallant fellows in whom we took more than a passing interest, had gone bravely forward, to a glorious victory or an ignominious defeat; and it was not for us, who had voluntarily placed our feet among the heated ploughshares, to turn back from the fiery ordeal.

Sending for our hostess, we explained the matter to her, and inquired if she could furnish us with horses without compromising her safety.

"Certainly not without endangering yours," she replied. "Oh, young gentlemen, be not foolishly rash!" she continued; "do not allow a false sense of honor to destroy you! Your comrades, few in number, will all be cut off—all—every one—mark me! not a single one will escape—and should I assist you in going forward to join them, I should always have it upon my conscience that I had aided you to your own destruction."

We calmly reasoned the matter with Dona Raquel, assuring her that her fears were without good foundation; that General Mina, having already outwitted the Spanish Generals, and escaped from the net which they supposed they had securely drawn around him, would soon effect a junction with the Patriots of the Interior, and return in triumph; but that even if all should turn out as evil as she was prone to assert and predict, it would be cowardly and dishonorable in us to desert the cause we had espoused; and to remain where we were, if able to get forward by any means, was, in any honorable point of view, desertion.

I will not longer dwell upon the matter which we discussed, pro and con, with the warmth of partizans, but with the courtesy of friends. Suffice it to say, that we so far carried our point with the good hostess, that she promised to have two fine horses stabled, which the groom was to saddle for us whenever we might wish to ride; and if, after riding out, we should be so ungrateful as to run away with her property, why, she could not help it of course.

It being now late, and myself greatly fatigued, I drank a cup of chocolate, ate a few mouthfuls, bade my old friend and new ones good night, was conducted to a luxurious bath, and thence to a retired chamber; and there I passed the night with a comfort I had not experienced since leaving the flowery island home of the beautiful Carina Villiers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The Chicago Republican says that a young man from Rutland, Vermont, named Robert Johnson, was arrested in that city the other day for drunkenness. On his person were found no less than twenty-nine photographs of young ladies, while his pockets, hat-lining, boots, and even his bosom, were stuffed full of love-letters, all of which he had obtained by answering advertisements, or advertising for female correspondents, for which he had a mania.

☞ FRUIT.—Generally speaking, the smaller the quantity of fruit on a tree, the higher the flavor; therefore, this all fruits in moderation, but avoid excess; a single gooseberry on a tree, or a single bunch of grapes on a vine—no matter how fine it may be—is a disgrace to good gardening.—*Ex.*

☞ LARGE JOBS.—The old gentleman who undertook to take the twist out of the Maelstrom has gone out to whitewash the Rocky Mountains. He goes in for large jobs.

☞ TWO Quaker girls were ironing on the same table. One asked the other which side she would take, the right or left. She answered, promptly, "It will be right for me to take the left, and then it will be left for thee to take the right."

☞ Nitro-glycerine is successfully used for explosive purposes in the Hoosac tunnel. It does as much in three days as gunpowder could do in three weeks.

☞ A boy caught a hungry dog the other day, tied him by his tail, and coaxed him out of his skin with a piece of liver. The dog is as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 8, 1866.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,		$2,50
Two copies, "		4,00
Four copies, "		8,00
Eight copies, "	and one to getter up of club,	16,00
Twenty " "	and one to getter up of club,	35,00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4,00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent on receipt of five cents.

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The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded.

The Clubs may be composed partly of subscribers to THE POST, and partly to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 2 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

NOTES OF STATE BANKS.

Our subscribers will please not send us the notes of the STATE Banks in payment of their subscriptions, as the National Banks will not receive them on deposit. We give full directions in our "Terms" as to the proper mode of mailing us money.

TO CORRESPONDENTS—"The Watcher, a Translation," is respectfully declined.

THOSE NEWSBOYS.

We find in "The Episcopalian," of this city, the following anecdote relative to one of that sharp but rather heathenish tribe, the newsboys:

"A gentleman sat in his parlor, on Sunday morning, preparing the lesson for his class which he was soon to meet. Some of the members of his family were in the room reading the Scriptures or some religious book. They were all startled by the cry of a small boy hawking the Sunday papers. As he came opposite the window one of the ladies arose and tapped against the pane of glass. The lad came up, expecting to dispose of one or more of his papers. Instead of *buying*, the lady presented to him two or three copies of the *Sunday-School Times*, and with a few kind words, and advising him to read them, sent him on his way.

"The lad looked at the fresh and unsoiled papers, and the thought struck him that he could turn them to account. The next sounds that penetrated the parlor were those of the newsboy crying, '*Dispatch! National Union! Sunday-School Times!* Half dime a-piece.' And thus he went on his round, and left the lady to think and conjecture the results of her well-meant action."

THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT.—President Johnson, attended by General Grant and by Farragut, stopped over a night in this city on his way to Chicago. He was received by a large procession of soldiers and citizens. He made a speech from the balcony of the Continental to the citizens, and in the evening was serenaded, &c.

☞ PLAIN TALK.—They have had some tall preaching at the Saratoga Opera House. "The preacher," says a letter, "took for his text 'Health,' and his hits at fashionable fripperies were pointed and practical, and some of them created loud laughter. He objected to so much mineralogy, physiology, chronology, and such other 'ologies' in young girls' education, and considered that for the purposes of a useful life a little 'mend-ology, sweep-ology and wash-ology would be far more desirable.'"

☞ An ingenious mode of getting a correct representation of an actual battle, landscape, etc., in a panoramic form, has been suggested in Paris. The main feature of the arrangement is a revolving cylinder, with a vertical slit in it through which the images, etc., enter, and are thrown on a photographic medium properly sensitized.

☞ HOW TO BECOME INVISIBLE.—The gift of invisibility was formerly believed to be procurable by means of fern-seed; but no peculiar power of rendering people invisible resides especially in the seed of fern. Put on any very seedy suit of clothes, and walk about in the streets. You will very soon find that your acquaintance will pass you without seeing you.

☞ A young lady out West was accused of "putting on airs" for refusing to go to a ball barefooted.

☞ The widow of Stephen A. Douglas, now Mrs. Robert Williams, will visit Chicago to attend the dedication of the monument to her former husband.

HOW TO MAKE A DINNER FROM SCRAPS.

FROM "HOW I MANAGED MY HOUSE ON $1,000 A YEAR"

Since Bertha's stay with us I had seen the advantage of order, neatness, and regularity, and our table was better served, even when there where only scraps to make up a dinner, than it ever had been. Bertha had the knack of turning everything to account; and many a time when I had thought it impossible we could make a dinner of what appeared bare bones, out of this bareness came forth a repast which I and my husband enjoyed as much as when we began the week with a joint. This very day of our difference, occasioned by my petulance, some such a dinner was to be manufactured, and, as I saw Bertha still in the garden, I conjectured that she meant to leave me to my fate, and an hour previously to the dinner-time I went into the kitchen, where I was civilly informed that the dinner was all arranged, and would be ready in time. My temper led me to believe that this time the meal would be a failure. What could be made of a few scraps of meat sticking to a mutton bone? Bridget had asked me for a shilling to pay for something Mrs. Chapman had ordered; but what was this sum to do in finding provision for four persons' dinners? To my astonishment, came, first, a pair of soles, which were not so very small, and of which some was left for Bridget. Then came a dish of what looked very like rissoles, only they were egg-shaped, and somewhat larger than an egg; these were savory, and there was a plentiful supply, and they were accompanied by a dish of nicely mashed and browned potatoes. To this fare was added a rice pudding. I must confess to my bad temper quietly oozing away, though my curiosity was none the less excited.

In the evening, before retiring, I went to Bertha's room as I usually did, and, fearing my courage would fail me, said at once—

"Bertha, in all seriousness, I am come to ask you to give me a few rules for my guidance in housekeeping. I find since you have been with us that our meals cost less, and yet we have greater comfort; that my husband and children are in better health, and that altogether home is pleasanter. I know you are capable of guiding me, for you were differently brought up from myself. My mother did everything—saw to everything; she was, and is, as you know, the sole dependence of the house in its management. Your aunt made you self-helpful, and thus gave you wealth for your lifetime. I am very sorry," I hastily said, for I saw she was about to interrupt me, "that I gave way to temper this morning; but forgive me, and be my best friend."

Bertha looked at me with her eyes full of tears, though smiles dimpled her cheeks.

"Milly, you will do very well," she said. "On my return home I will write all I cannot now say. In three weeks Robert will return, and I must for a time bid you farewell. While I remain, let things go on as they have hitherto done, and when I get back I will write your 'Rules,' and send them."

"But, Bertha, about the nice dinner to-day; how did you manage it? The cost was certainly more than a shilling?"

"Not much," she replied; "the soles were only sixpence the pair, and then I did not give the order to the fish-monger who frequently calls here for orders, but in my walk this morning I met a man with a truck, who had plenty of fish, good and cheap. I stopped and purchased them, he giving me a sheet of paper, and I brought them home. Do not look so aghast; what harm was there in that? I saved sixpence by the bargain, and I injured no one; I should do the same always if necessity required it. A limit of twenty-seven shillings a week is not at all suggestive of pride. Two potatoes cost three-halfpence. The meat came off the bone you despised so yesterday, when I asserted it could be made to do for a dinner to-day."

"The composition was a mystery to me, and I can get no information from Bridget; so if you will tell me all about that I shall be glad."

"Listen. Every scrap of meat was taken off and chopped very fine. I then measured it in a basin, and took the same quantity of bread-crumbs and a table-spoonful of flour, a little all-spice, salt, and half an onion chopped very fine indeed. I mixed the bread-crumbs, flour, and spice together first, then mixed the meat well with it, then sprinkled the onion over, and stirred it all well together; I then stirred in two table-spoonfuls of bacon fat. If you did not make Bridget take care of all the fat which drips from the bacon, I should have been obliged to have minced a rasher or two of that expensive article. With a very little milk I mixed these into balls, then pressed them flat and somewhat egg-shaped; I then rolled each in flour, and dropped them one at a time into a saucepan of boiling drippings, frying them each singly.

"A saucepan of boiling dripping!" I exclaimed; "why not have fried them in the frying-pan?"

"For two reasons. Do you think a *domestique* or cook of my experience could do without a *saucepan!* Certainly not. So I improvised one out of a small iron saucepan which Bridget seemed to have discarded as good for nothing but to boil a couple of eggs in; that was one reason. The second was that in your larder I found dripping a scarce article, so that the quantity which would have filled a small frying-pan was not to be had, and if sufficient could have been found it would have been wasted by evaporation, and been soon burned up; whereas, in the saucepan, as soon as the fat boiled I threw in a bit of bread; when it readily browned I drew the saucepan to a moderate heat, where, however, its contents continued to boil. I then dropped in one of my *meat eggs*, so that it was entirely, and somewhat deeply, covered with the fat, and as soon as it was brown I took it up with an egg-slice, allowed the fat to drain from it, and placed it on a pad of paper before the fire, so as to allow it to become quite dry. After the *meat eggs* were all fried, I threw the fat into a basin of hot water and stirred it up well; to-morrow morning this will be settled in a cake on the top of the water, which I shall take off and lay on some double paper to dry. The impurities the fat has acquired in being used will have sunk to the bottom of the water, and the fat will be ready for use again. The potatoes were mashed singly with a spoon against the side of a basin, a little salt and milk were added, and well mixed. I then buttered another basin, pressed the potatoes into it, set it in the oven for five minutes, then put an old plate on the top of the basin, turned the latter upside down, when the potatoes came in shape on to the plate. I scored them over with a knife, and placed them on a plate in the oven to brown."

"Now, Milly, off with you to bed; it's half into the middle of the night; we shall both lose our hearty sleep."

"But about the rice pudding?" I answered; "just tell me how that was made. I never liked rice before."

"Oh, that is a very simple matter. Bridget bought me a quart of milk, for which she gave six cents; and excellent milk I must say it was. I took two small pie-dishes, and put into each a very little more than an ounce of rice, about a small tablespoonful; this I poured hot water on, stirred the rice in it, then drained the water away, and repeated the process again. By doing this all the earthiness, or rawness, which is always attached to rice and barley, is done away with. I then mixed with the rice in each dish a dessert-spoonful of sugar and a slight sprinkle of nutmeg. I mixed a pint of milk with the rice in each dish, put a shaving of butter on the top of each, and baked it in the oven for an hour. But one thing you must remember—that after the dish is once put in the oven its contents must not be again stirred, or, strange to say, there is a likelihood of the milk burning; and also your judgment must be exercised with regard to the oven's heat; if it be of too slow and cool a temperature these puddings will take two hours instead of one to cook. The second pudding the children had at one o'clock, after their meat, a few scraps of which I minced very finely, and mixed with some bruised hot potatoes and a little salt; they had each a pretty tolerably thick slice of bread and but a scraping of butter. The pudding added to this made them an excellent dinner. Nearly half the rice was left for Bridget. Now, dear Milly, not another word to-night; away with you; I must look you out."

"Just tell me why you put such a scrap of butter on the rice? I should fancy you might just as well put none at all."

"You goose! If the butter were not there a thin skin would be on the milk, which would readily burn; you may call the butter oil if you like, for as oil rapidly stills the troubled water, so does the butter allay the ebullition of the milk. And now, not another word, but good-night, or rather good-morning."

The Modern Heroine.

The change which has come over the romantic dreams of the short story writer has been slow but insidious. The heroine, whose stateliness we loved, has become arch, vivacious, and witty to a painful degree. Instead of thrilling us with that melancholy glance which was supposed to express, in some orthodox manner, "the yearnings of a poetic soul," she now transfixes us with sarcasm. Instead of those conversations magnificent in hyperbole and lofty sentiment, we have now badinage that becomes almost hysterical in its intensity. Her head no longer sinks on her lover's manly breast, as she "whispers sweet consent;" "a sudden expression almost of pain"—"a cold rigidity of the small lips"—"a mocking, but silvery laugh" is all that the bashful lover may look for. Not but that she has sentiment, but it is of a singularly perplexing and exasperating quality; she has a way of looking at you with "strange dumb eyes"—her glance is "trance-like" and "far off"—she is "sybilline," "fateful." She is no longer beautiful, but "singular looking." It may be easily imagined that a heroine of this order would not be satisfied with that one devoted lover which in former times was her predestined partner. She loves two. She is two or three times engaged. She is justified by a philosophy borrowed from our lively Gallic friends. She has all the benefit of those "extenuating circumstances" which French poetical justice admits equally as its literature and law. The modern short story gives us details, where formerly we had mere glittering generalities. The dress of our heroine is described with feminine precision; the writer no longer trusts to white muslin and simple "rose buds" for the hair. In the matter of accomplishments, the same care is displayed. Our heroine no longer allows her fingers to run carelessly over the piano while she listens to her lover's conversation; she deliberately sits down to Chopin or Schubert. We are forced to listen to an enthusiastic criticism of "Beethoven, choral symphony, op. 125," or a duo in E flat. We are crushed with her knowledge of botany; the "simple rosebud" her lover presents is technically considered; it is no longer pulled to pieces in bashful meditation—she "removes its petals."

In the more pretentious short story, she generally has a profession—painter, musician, sculptor, governess, doctor.

Great Shower of Meteors Expected.

Next in grandeur and sublimity to a total solar eclipse, or a great comet stretching athwart the starry heavens, is the great meteoric shower, such as was witnessed here in November, 1833. On this occasion, from two o'clock till broad daylight, the sky being perfectly serene and cloudless, the whole heavens were lighted with a magnificent and imposing display of celestial fireworks. Arago computes that not less than two hundred and forty thousand meteors were visible above the horizon of Boston on the morning of the 13th of November, 1833. This display was seen all over North America. A similar display was seen by Humboldt at Cumana, South America, in 1799. A comparison of the epochs of appearance of these great showers has led to the discovery that they are periodic, their returns being separated from each other by a third part of a century, or some multiple of this period, and are periodical appearances of one grand meteoric shower. Professor Newton, of Yale College, who has devoted much time to the investigation of the periodic character of these showers, finds that a prodigious flight of meteors, the most imposing of its kind, will make its appearance, probably for the last time in this century, on the morning of the 13th or 14th of November next. Only thirteen of these great great showers are recorded between the years 902 and 1833. Such a rare phenomenon awakens a deep interest among all classes of persons. Preparations to observe this sublime spectacle, for scientific purposes, have already commenced in Europe. Let no one forget Tuesday and Wednesday nights, November 13th and 14th.—*Boston Commercial.*

☞ Dr. Francis was a wag, and once, when early peas were on the table, he emptied the contents of his snuff box over them. "Francis! Francis!" exclaimed a friend, "what are you about?" "I like them that way," was the answer. He, of course, had the dish to himself; and when he had concluded, exclaimed: "You thought it was snuff, did you? Nothing but black pepper."

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY COSMO.

DESPERATION IN THE DESERT—SEVERE SUFFERING—HORRORS OF THIRST—AN OASIS—SINGULAR FRUIT—A LOVELY VALLEY—OUT OF ATACAMA—CABIJA.

We had sickened of the South American desert. The melancholy associations that hovered over the sad fate of those whom we had found dead of famine and thirst, and given as nearly as we could Christian burial, had fastened upon us a gloom not readily shaken off. All the impetuous enthusiasm that made our pretty dimity tourists deaf to our advice, and prompted them to dare the vicissitudes of Atacama had subsided, and they were passive and penitent enough, when regrets and penitence were too late to be made available for good.

We were a party poorly enough sustaining our usual characteristics of hilarity, recklessness and indifference to danger. Even our sea lion *companiero*, Cator, always before boisterously jubilant, ready for and equal to any exigency, was fairly mastered by the everlasting desolation of the desert, though in justice to our salt-water shipmate I must say that fifty parts of his serious solicitude was on account of his little *lavandiera* bride, whom he had so suddenly taken from among her friends and brought into the dreary desert, to perish perhaps by the most terrible of all deaths. Cator's concern for his lovely girl-wife, however, was all a waste of mental material, for the bright-eyed senora was as blithe as a free bird—joyous and almost boisterous in her innocent, girlish glee, defying the dangers that surrounded us, and actually made us all braver and less desponding.

Sickened of the desert as we went to saddle at sunrise, striking out northwardly upon our desolate course, within two hours we were dangerously ill of disgust, and by noon men and women were reeling in their saddles, faint, famishing—blinded by the blazing sun, scorched, panting, gasping, our lips parched, tongues swollen, throats burning with bitter dust, our horses staggering, maddened with thirst—no drop of moisture—only a wide wilderness all around us of blackened scoria and blue volcanic ashes, almost ablaze with the intolerable heat, above the desert waste a close, sultry atmosphere, without one breath of moving air, and over all a garish, brazen dome, through the arc of which moved, as in a fiery groove, the sun, like an immense globe of molten iron. We were beginning to despair, and put on that mad desperation that always comes of such conditions in a desert. We knew how near the terrible crisis was, by our total disregard of all the usual courtesies of life. We no longer cared for each other, but snapped and growled at one another like a pack of famishing wolves. We were going to perish there in that horrible desert of heat and thirst, and the catastrophe was close at hand.

But guided by Providence we eluded the awful fate that was fast hedging us in. It was no act of volition on our part, but I have always since argued that it was an instinct of our poor tortured horses that made us deviate from our course due north at a little past meridian, going nearly northwest.

For the first half hour the animals went on at their will, at a slow walk, reeling and staggering, frequently stumbling, and suffering I think more acutely than ourselves. Then they began gradually to mend their pace, gather in their energies, and move more briskly forward. A few minutes more and there was a universal setting of ears on end, many quick, impatient neighs; then a gallop of every horse and mule—a regular runaway, pell mell, stampede, and like Gilpin, we all went, because our horses would go—headlong, helter skelter into—

One of the most singular phenomena that God has ever placed anywhere upon the surface of the earth—a plantation of *Water Lemons*. A belt of at least seven miles in length and two in width was carpeted with bright green vines of luxuriant growth, bearing bright golden fruit, upon which mules and horses fell to cropping and crunching with a voracity that indicated a fondness for the fodder beyond that born of thirst and fasting.

Our Bolivian *companiero*, to whom the singular fruit was no novelty, followed the example of our animals, the few of us who happened to know that the ground lemon afforded very good drink, followed his, and the remainder of the party, who for the first time had come in contact with the wonder, followed ours with alacrity, and in less than three minutes there we were in among the vines dons, donas, men, mules, women and horses, helping ourselves, we enjoying as delicious a drink as ever mortals imbibed, the animals a rich repast, the vines affording for them both food and drink.

The vine of the water lemon resembles most that of the common cucumber, only that it grows a great deal larger and longer, its foliage being quite as broad as that of the field pumpkin. The fruit, in shape and color when ripe, is very like that of the finest Sicily lemon, but instead of being within a sour, juicy pulp, it is simply a sack filled with water, having a slight milky color, sweet, and acid enough to make a very palatable natural lemonade, and though not as cold as ice water, most deliciously cool and refreshing under any circumstances. The imagination of the reader may possibly conceive how grateful was such a beverage to a party parching and going mad with thirst. At first our animals took the fruit only; but their thirst being finally appeased, they began feasting upon the foliage, which afterwards we learned horses, mules, horned cattle and sheep prefer to almost any other provender or pasturage.

With humanity, the usual manner of imbibing the nectar of the water lemon is to pluck the fruit, scalp off the end with a knife, and there you have improvised in a moment a golden goblet filled to the brim with a cool, delicious drink. The greatest curiosity about the singular fruit is that it grows only in barren, arid regions, and however scorching the sun's rays, the juice, syrup, water, or whatever it is, is always delightfully cool and refreshing.

Our horses and mules having drank and eaten to repletion, and we, after having drank desert lemonade until it seemed we should never thirst again, and filled with the fruit every vacant panier and pocket, called a council of the whole, in which it was voted that as we had scorched and smothered, roasted and choked sufficiently for one life time, that by continuing our course to the northward we should only invite a repetition of all such annoyances, and as in sight of our lemon plantation there was a sort of shallow ravine along the course of which was a narrow belt of vegetation stretching away north-west as far as we could see, we would change the direction of our march, and go diagonally towards the coast. We had had a surfeit of Atacama, and were disgusted with it.

We went once more to saddle, and next to the ravine, which at first we found only a narrow swale, affording some coarse, half dried herbage and a few low, straggling shrubs, with faint indications of moisture. But as we continued down its course the herbage became greener, the shrubbery larger and more life-like, while the first faint promises of water were redoubled, until at an hour before sunset we were traversing a superb tropical valley, very narrow certainly, but luxuriantly rich. All along the slope on either side grew plantains, bananas, savanilla and alligator pears, besides many fruits and flowers unknown beyond the tropics, and what was to us a better blessing, there was an abundance of fuel, and along the bottom of the ravine in its musical glee sung and danced away a bright stream of pure, cool water. We bade farewell to Atacama, and though still hemmed in by the desert, we were no longer subject to its tyranny, and once more with our bright, blazing fire, our steaming coffee, broiled *carnaire*, roasted plantains, and finally a cosy bivouac under the umbrella-like cones of friendly bananas that supplied us a delicious dessert in the midst of the desert, we went to rest blessing the little valley of Agonita, remembering our late annoyances only as an ugly dream or a phantasm through which we had passed in safety.

For three days we kept close to the course of our delightful valley, going as leisurely along as if we had no object in life beyond keeping close to Agonita the remainder of our lives. Then we lost our desert paradise as we had found it. Gradually fruits and flowers, shrubs and verdure, and every green thing faded out, the beautiful stream became gradually absorbed, the bottom of the valley rose to a level with the surrounding plain, and there was only the black, parched, and dreary stretch of desolation again on either hand and in front of us.

But this time we were masters of the situation. We had laid in a liberal supply of the fruits of the valley, all our canteens and goat-skins were filled with pure, sweet water, and ourselves and animals were fresh and vigorous. Better than that; it was but about nine leagues as we ascertained by astronomical observations, across the desert to Cabija the only sea-port of Bolivia, and nine leagues, prepared as we were, was only a play spell. So snapping our fingers figuratively at the desert, we spurred across it to the north-west, and making a little detour eastwardly as we came in sight of the sea to avoid the rugged peaks of *Morobamba*, when the Bolivian summer sun was within an hour of going down on the Pacific horizon we entered from the east one of the most wretched human holes, by courtesy called a city, that exists in all South America. If there be on the face of the whole earth another town, savage or civilized, so utterly wretched as the Bolivian city of Cabija, or as it is usually misnamed on maps and in atlases, *Puerto de Mar*, I have yet to see or hear of it.

We had in our wanderings passed through many villages and towns not worth a line of description or notice on account of insignificant meanness. Cabija for that very reason is worth the entire space of a sketch of South American Civilization; and if I can but manage to picture but a tithe of its wretchedness, the candid reader will admit that our time in writing and reading has not been wholly wasted.

Significance of Hair.

Hair parting naturally in the middle, and falling over the temple, as it generally does in women and sometimes in men, indicates the feminine element, and in a man symmetry and beauty of soul—genius of a certain kind, which implies the feeling of the woman combined with the thought of the man. It is a very common characteristic among poets and artists, as seen in Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Dante, Raphael, Titian, Handel, Mozart, Tasso, Chaucer, Keats, Burns, Hoffman, Longfellow, and others. In pictures of Christ, and in other exalted, highly-refined, and beautiful characters, this peculiarity is always introduced by the artist. Sometimes the hair, on rising from its bulbs, turns in irregular rings on the forehead, giving an open air to the physiognomy. This indicates good nature as well as exuberant vitality. Crinkled, wavy, and close-curling hair and beard indicate vivacity and excitability, if not brilliancy. Regular curls symbolize ideality, and when only part of the hair is worn in curl, are instinctively disposed over the organ of that faculty. Straight hair may be said to indicate, in cultivated persons, evenness of character and a straightforward honesty of purpose, as well as a clear head and good natural talents. The darker the hair the more robust the body, as a general rule, and the coarser the skin and tissues of the body; but sometimes the hair and skin are at the same time dark and fine. The dark-haired races are physically the strongest, but less endowed intellectually than the fair-haired. The first are more inclined to manual labor and active exercise, and the last to mental exertion. The dark races are workers, the light races thinkers, poets, artists, &c. Black hair indicates strength and predominance of the bilious temperament, as in the Spaniard, the Malay, the Mexican, the Indian, and the negro. Red hair is a sign of ardor, passion, intensity of feeling, and purity of character, and goes with the sanguine temperament, as in the Scotch, the Irish, the Swede, the Dane, &c. Auburn hair is found most frequently in connection with the lymphatic temperament, and indicates delicacy and refinement of taste, and if the mind be cultivated, fine moral and intellectual powers. It is common among the Germans, the Danes, and Anglo-Saxons. Dark-brown hair combines the strength of the black with the exquisite sensibilities of the light hair, and is, perhaps, all things considered, the most desirable—*New Physiognomy, by S. R. Wells, New York.*

ESPARTO GRASS.—We have already mentioned that printing paper is being extensively manufactured in Europe, from esparto grass, which grows in Spain and Algeria. The cost of this kind of stock is stated to be but one-half that of rags, and in the last foreign mail it is announced that the proprietors of Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper, a London publication of large circulation, have recently imported 270 tons of esparto grass into England, to be manufactured into paper for their journal.

☞ "How are you, hired man?" is the cant phrase of Philadelphia. So a Portland paper says.

TO THE PLIOCENE SKULL.

A Geological Address.

BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

A human skull has been found in California, in the pliocene formation. This skull is the remnant not only of the earliest pioneer of this state, but the oldest known human being. * * * The skull was found in a shaft one hundred and fifty feet deep, two miles from Angels, in Calaveras county, by a miner named James Matson, who gave it to Mr. Scribner, a merchant, and he gave it to Dr. Jones, who sent it to the State Geological Survey. * * * * * The published volume of the State Survey on the Geology of California states that man existed contemporaneously with the mastodon, but this fossil proves that he was here before the mastodon was known to exist.—*Daily Paper.*

"Speak, oh, man, less recent! Fragmentary fossil!
Primal pioneer of pliocene formation,
Hid in lowest drifts below the earliest stratum
Of volcanic tufa!

"Older than the beasts, the oldest Palæotherium;
Older than the trees, the oldest Cryptogamia;
Older than the hills, those infantile eruptions
Of earth's epidermis!

"Eo—Mio—Plio—whatsoe'er the 'cene' was
That those vacant sockets filled with awe and wonder—
Whether shores Devonian or Silurian beaches—
Tell us thy strange story!

"Or has the Professor slightly antedated
By some thousand years thy advent on this planet,
Giving thee an air that's somewhat better fitted
For cold-blooded creatures?

"Wert thou true spectator of that mighty forest
When above thy head the stately Sigillaria
Reared its columned trunks in that remote and distant
Carboniferous epoch?

"Tell us of that scene—the dim and watery woodland
Songless, silent, hushed, with never bird or insect,
Veiled with spreading fronds and screened with tall club-mosses,
Lycopodiaceæ—

"When beside thee walked the solemn Plesiosaurus,
And around thee crept the festive Ichthyosaurus,
While from time to time above thee flew and circled
Cheerful Pterodactyls.

"Tell us of thy food—those half-marine refections,
Crinoids on the shell and Brachipods *au naturel*—
Cuttle-fish to which the *pieuvre* of Victor Hugo
Seems a periwinkle.

"Speak, thou awful vestige of the Earth's creation—
Solitary fragment of remains organic!
Tell the wondrous secrets of thy past existence—
Speak! thou oldest primate!"

Even as I gazed, a thrill of the maxilla
And a lateral movement of the condyloid process,
With a post-pliocene sounds of healthy mastication,
Ground the teeth together.

And, from that imperfect dental exhibition,
Stained with expressed juices of the weed Nicotian,
Came these hollow accents, blent with softer murmurs
Of expectoration:

"Which my name is Bowers, and my crust was busted
Falling down a shaft, in Calaveras county,
But I'd take it kindly if you'd send the pieces
Home to old Missouri!"

—*Californian.*

The Iron Crown of Lombardy.

The iron crown, recently carried off from Venice, with other valuables, by the Austrians, and which has just been claimed by the Italian Government, is one of the most interesting national relics in Europe. History informs us that during the middle ages the Emperors of Germany claimed three crowns—that of Germany, which was of silver, and was assumed at Aix-la-Chapelle; the crown of iron, which had formerly been peculiar to the Lombard kings, and was assumed at Pavia, and the Imperial crown, which was received at Rome, and was surmounted by a mitre similar to that of bishops, but somewhat smaller.

The crown of iron, though chiefly of gold, derived its name from an iron band which encircled is in the interior, and which was said to have been made from one of the nails which served in the crucifixion of Christ. This crown was worn by Charlemagne, the first Emperor of Germany, over one thousand years ago. Preserved in Italy after the devastation of the Empire of the West, founded by that illustrious monarch, it was worn by Napoleon the First, when that mighty conqueror was crowned King of Italy at Milan; and it subsequently became one of the crowns of the Emperors of Austria as masters of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. Venetia being now restored to Italy, this relic rightfully belongs to the King of Italy, and hence the claim which has been made for its restoration.

The Doctor's Duty.

And, *first*, it is the duty of the doctor to *cure* you—if he can. That is what we call him in for; and a doctor, be he never so clever and delightful, who doesn't cure, is like a mole-catcher who can't catch moles, or a watch-maker who can do everything but make your watch go. Old Dr. Pringle of Perth, when preaching in the country, found his shoe needed mending, and he asked the brother whom he was assisting to tell him of a good cobbler, or as he called him, a *mah*. His friend mentioned a "Tammas Rattray, a Godly man, and an elder." "But," said Dr. Pringle, in his cool way, "can he mend my shoon? that's what I want; I want a shoemaker; I'm not wanting an elder." It turned out that Tammas was a better elder than a shoemaker.

A doctor was once attending a poor woman in labor: it was a desperate case, requiring a cool head and a firm will; the good man—for he was good—had neither of these, and losing his presence of mind, gave up the poor woman as lost, and retired into the next room to pray for her. Another doctor, who perhaps wanted what the first one had, and certainly had what he wanted, brains and courage, meanwhile arrived, and called out, "Where is Dr. ——?" "Oh, he has gone into the next room to pray!" "Pray! tell him to come here this moment, and help me; he can work and pray too;" and with his assistance the cool doctor saved that woman's life. This, then, is the doctor's first duty to you—to cure you—and for this he must, in the first place, be up to his business; he must know what to do, and, secondly, he must be able to do it: he must not merely do as a pointer dog does, stand and say "there it is," and no more, he must point and shoot too.—*Dr. John Brown.*

Paris Prices.

A correspondent of the Springfield Republican, at the close of a gossiping letter about Paris fashions, gives the following comparison of Paris prices for articles of ladies dress with prices here:

"We can buy in France a good summer silk for six francs a yard—$1.20. Black silks, which at home are $3.50 a yard, are here $1.90. French cambrics, for which we pay 75 cts., are here 30 cts. Kid gloves, for which we pay $1, are 50 cts. in Paris, and at Naples 20 or 30 cts.; $2.50 gloves with us are here $1 a pair. Six months ago in America coarse flannel was 50 or 75 cts. a yard; here it is 18 to 20. Lace edging for which a friend paid 33 cts. last month at Mudge's, in Boston, I patterned here for 11 cts. Lubin's soap, for which I paid Harris & Chapman $1.25, I found in Genoa for 90 cts., and am told it is less in Paris. Lubin's extracts, for which our druggists charge $1.50 or $1.25, are 25 cts. A point lace collar and cuffs, for which at home we pay $25, are here $12. A lace shawl for which we pay $400, is in Paris $200, and at Brussels, where it is made, $150. Black trimming lace of narrow width, for which we pay 75 cts., is here 30 cts. As for bonnets which with my last American experience, were at fabulous prices, such as from $20 to $30, the ordinary price of a handsome one in Paris is $5, often only 4, with fine French flowers. Those with blond lace trimmings are $6 or $8, and the most exorbitant milliners charge $14 to $18. Yet ribbons are, from some unknown reason, as expensive in Paris as in America. So are boots and shoes, provisions, rents, and a few other things. Under garments of all kinds can be bought here ready made and elaborately trimmed, for what the mere cotton goods costs at home.

One is suspicious of cheap ready-made clothes, so often the tears of the poor are worked into them; but as I waited the other day in a large shop of the kind, I observed the neat little sewing-girls who brought home their work in a handkerchief, and they looked smiling and prosperous. A French woman lives upon an inconsiderably small sum, and provisions are so subdivided to suit their economy that a few sous procures them a luxurious dinner; once or twice a week a few lodgers in the attic of some great house club together and order a dinner which is really luxurious, though it is paid for in hardly earned sous—and this is all they ask."

HOW TO TREAT YE CONFIDENCE MAN.—Occasionally we are pained to record some poor victim to the "confidence game." Would it not be well for all to hearken unto the counsel of the Cleveland Herald, which discourseth thusly concerning the same in "ye language of ye olden time:"

"When thou Walkest Out With ye Confidence Man to see ye Town, and Another Confidence Man cometh Up to Him with ye Little account which must be paid upon the Spot, and Thou art Asked to give fifty Dolla bill Upon ye thousand Dolla Boston Draft Thou Must say, Certingly. I have not ye Amount however In my Pocket but I will procure it a little way Up ye street. Then walk Along conversing jovially With ye Confidence Man Until Thou comest To a convenient Stairway When Thou must say I Will Procure ye Money here. Willing to wait a minute? And ye Confidence Men Will Both Bow and Say, Certingly. Then after Smiling Pleasantly Upon ye Confidence Man walk Slowly Up ye Stairs until Thou comest To ye Hall—Then Rush Like ye Lightning Through ye Hall and Run like ye Devil down ye Back Stairs Into ye Alley Leaving ye Confidence Men to Wonder What has becom of Thee."

NEW DISINFECTANT.—It may not be altogether disagreeable to some of your readers to hear of a new disinfecting preparation, said, as Paris, not only to remove miasmas, but also the causes which lead to many epidemic disorders. As it is represented to me, this consists of a mixture, not difficult to prepare oneself, which I give with all the humility of a non-medical practitioner. To 100 grains of alcohol add 1 grain of phenic acid and 3 grains of essence of citron (which latter substance has the effect of destroying the tar-like smell of the acid). Diluted with one quart of water, a preparation is produced, of which some drops sprinkled about a sick room or passages, is effectual in purifying the air of odors and infection.

BRIGHAM'S LATEST WIFE.—"Amelia," Brigham Young's latest wife, is a model woman for the "Saints." She is national, imperious and coquettish, and Young pets her like a child. One evening a friend took tea with her and the Mormon prophet. After tea they remained at the table eating nuts, and Amelia threw her shells through an open window on the opposite side of the room. Her husband said, "Amelia, don't do that; put your shells by your plate." "I shan't do it," replied the fair one; "I'll throw them where I please, and I'll do as I please, and you may help yourself." And pulling her guest by the dress, she said, "Come, let's go up stairs, and let him grunt it out."

☞ The Portland Relief Committee tells of a man who two or three days ago applied for aid. He was requested to answer several questions like the following: "Did you lose your house and furniture by the fire?" "No." "What grounds, then, do you ask aid upon?" "Well, a man owed me a note. That man has lost his property, and I had to settle with him at a discount, and I thought you might make it up to me!"

☞ Rev. J. C. Fletcher takes pains to explain that the house he is building for himself in Massachusetts will not cost $100 000, but only $7 000. The unfounded rumor had apparently more reference to the reverend traveller's deserts than to his means.

A Singular Circumstance.

From the Indianapolis Journal, August 22.

A most remarkable case of mistaken identity recently occurred in our city. At the time of the explosion of the General Lytle, Mr. Schlaret, of our city, was informed that his son was among those killed. He went to the wharf, and there saw the corpse of a young man, which, upon examination, he was satisfied was that of his son. The body was removed to Mr. Schlaret's residence, and the family and neighbors, after looking at it, felt perfectly assured that it was the remains of "Bub" Schlaret. The features of the face were not disfigured so as to create any doubts, and we understand the corpse had the same ink marks on the arm as young Schlaret bears.

The family were in great grief, the funeral took place, the body was buried, and the family put on mourning apparel. Last Saturday afternoon, however, Bob Schlaret arrived in the city from the South! His appearance at his father's residence at first created considerable fright and consternation, but was afterwards the occasion of great joy. The upper end of the city for a little while was in a state of great excitement.

"Bub," from his infancy, has been an adventurous youth, and we have been looking for him to do something that would create a commotion in the community. We are truly glad that he has turned up alive in the flesh, and bids fair to live many days yet. But we are sorry for the young man who was killed on the Lytle, and in identity was mistaken and buried for him.

This circumstance may bring up a difficulty. The Schlaret family had the mistaken body buried with the funeral ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church, and in consecrated ground.

How to Insure Secrecy.

A little time ago, at a French country-house not many miles from Paris, there was in a *salon* a lady whom we will call Madame V., and a gentleman well known as an admirer of the sex. The conversation took a tone partly gallant, partly tender, and M. de L. was in the act of kissing the lady's hand with more *empressement* than was necessary, when there passed by the window, which opened into the grounds, Madame de B., who at a glance saw all that there was to see. She had a little *malice* in her disposition; the two had been, nay, were, rivals, and the *qu'en dira t-on* presented itself instantly to Madame V. "Go, I pray you, Monsieur; she is malevolent, and a tale-bearer. Succeed in gaining her silence, or do not return to me." M. de L. went, and returned shortly with an air of satisfaction. "Reassure yourself, madame. She has seen all, but she will be discreet. I have imposed silence upon her in such a manner that she will say nothing about that little affair." "What, then, did you say to her?" "I did not say anything," was the reply; "I kissed her also—and upon the lips. It was very simple. It was a good idea that inspired me." It was said that Madame de B. did in this instance keep her word.

Restored to Life.

As an argument that undue haste should be avoided in burying persons supposed to have died of cholera, the case of Gen. Chazel, Belgian War Minister, is cited, who was attacked in the summer of 1843, at Brussels, one Sunday afternoon, and gradually sank, so that by eleven at night he was in an almost hopeless state, notwithstanding the best medical attendance. At eight the next morning all was considered over, the face having assumed a blue tinge, and the pulse having ceased, so that the general's death was communicated to the royal family and announced in the public journals, whence it was copied throughout Europe. Meanwhile, an accidental reference by Dr. Jomini before the attendants in the sick chamber, of a remedy resorted to in Russia, were sacks filled with hot ashes were placed on the body of the patient, induced the general's aid-de-camp to try the plan, and after six hours of incessant perseverance the remedy proved efficacious, the body resuming its natural hue, and animation being restored. The general subsequently recovered, and is still Minister of War in Belgium.

ARSENIC.—A young woman in Memphis took arsenic and died. Why, is shown in this note which she left addressed to a certain minstrel:—"Oh, Oscar! my darling, my darling! how can I leave you? Oh, Oscar, my heart is bursting! I know you do not love me any more; I think I am in your way, so I will put an end to my life by taking poison. Good-bye, my darling, God only knows how I love you. May we meet in heaven, never to part, is my prayer. God bless you through life, and may you be happy. Think of Jennie sometimes, will you, dear? Send my trunk home. Good-bye forever. *Jennie Willis.*"

THE San Jose (Cal.) Mercury tells the following tough story of a cow which is alleged to be musically inclined: "A gentleman residing near this city has a cow that evidently has an ear for music. She will permit no one to milk her who will not sing while performing that operation. The moment the music ceases she becomes restless, and will break away unless it is resumed at once, but while the singing progresses she will remain perfectly docile. She does not seem to care so much about the quality of the music, provided the quantity is sufficient."

THE COST OF SPARKING.—A gallant in La Crosse, Wis., brought a suit against his jilting sweetheart to recover pay for a bill of goods, which he had presented her while sparking, viz.: For a gold ring, fancy fan, white kids and confectionery, amounting to $13.50. At the trial the young lady presented a cross bill, for kerosene oil, rent of parlor for "sparking," and confectionary, $13,75. After a rather amusing trial the court gave a verdict of twenty-five cents and costs against the plaintiff, the costs amounting to $13,62½.

☞ In order to illustrate the wholesale system of thieving which was practiced on the night of the great Portland fire, the story is told—but we don't believe it—that one who had been slumbering peacefully in his grave in the Eastern Cemetery awoke, and walking forth, inquired if the day of judgment had come? On being told that it was only Portland burning, he remarked that he would go back to his repose. On reaching his grave he found that in his absence somebody had stolen his coffin!

☞ AVARICE.—M. About, in a recent publication, says of an avaricious man that "it had been proved that, after having kindled his fire, he stuck a cork in the end of the bellows, to save the little wind that was left in them."

LIFE AND DEATH.

Life is not sweet. One day it will be sweet
To shut our eyes and die:
Nor feel the wild flowers blow nor birds dart by
With flitting butterfly,
Nor grass grow long above our heads and feet,
Nor hear the happy lark that soars sky-high,
Nor sigh that spring is fleet and summer fleet,
Nor mark the waxing wheat,
Nor know who sits in our accustomed seat.

Life is not good. One day it will be good
To die, then live again;
To sleep meanwhile; so not to feel the wane
Of shrunk leaves dropping in the wood,
Nor hear the foamy lashing of the main,
Nor mark the blackened bean-fields, nor where stood
Rich ranks of golden grain,
Only dead refuse stubble clothe the plain;
Asleep from risk, asleep from pain.

Miss Rossetti.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER V.

ESCAPED.

Mr. Duplessis rode homeward through the warm May evening, slowly and musingly. He had done a good day's work, and was disposed to be satisfied with himself and all the world. It was a short three miles from Belair to Lilac Lodge, if you took the straight road through Normanford; but Mr. Duplessis chose, this balmy evening, to take a longer route, that led him through unfrequented country ways, and quiet lanes, made shady by the rich foliage of overhanging trees. A genuine spick-and-span cavalier of the modern school, he would have looked far more at home in Pall Mall or the Park, than he did on those lonely Monkshire roads, where there were few signs of life, save here and there a cluster of lime-burners' hovels, or a batch of tired laborers returning from work.

Scarcely twenty months had elapsed since Mr. Henri Duplessis was first seen at Normanford, but during that short space of time, he had contrived to put himself on the footing of a welcome guest at more than half the best houses in the county. The Spencelaughs had brought him with them on their return from a continental tour, and it was soon known throughout the neighborhood that he had been instrumental in saving the baronet's life at the risk of his own. He had come to stay a month at Belair; but before the term of his visit was at an end, he had decided on taking up his residence in the neighborhood for some time to come. The Monkshire streams were famous for their trout; there was capital hunting in the next county, only a dozen miles away; there was no scarcity of people worth knowing, at whose tables, thanks to the baronet's introductions, he was a coveted guest; and last, though not least, perhaps, in the estimation of the Canadian, within the circle of his Monkshire acquaintance there revolved some half-dozen young ladies, all rich, and all charming—combined attractions, which act as the lamp does to the moth on the susceptible hearts of gay young bachelors (gay and young still at eight-and-thirty) of limited income and expensive tastes. But did the income of Mr. Duplessis come within the meaning of such a term? Nobody about Normanford could exactly tell. All that was known respecting him was, that he was of good family—on that point we may presume that Sir Philip Spencelaugh had satisfied himself; that he had taken, furnished, for a term of three years, that elegant cottage ornée commonly known as Lilac Lodge; that his establishment comprised a couple of women-servants, a groom, and a valet; that he kept two horses, a hunter and a cob; that he was eminently good-looking; that his clothes were of the newest fashion; that he attended church regularly, and was liberal with his money for charitable purposes; and that, finally, he was declared by young and old to be the most delightful company in all Monkshire.

Mr. Duplessis, in his moth-like eagerness to incinerate himself at the shrine of beauty (with riches) combined, had selected for that purpose the brightest lamp of all those which lighted up the Monkshire firmament. What his fortune had been, so far we have already seen; and so long as there remained the slightest prospect that he might ultimately succeed in his purpose, the fervency of his devotion would doubtless remain unimpaired. And in this he was not, perhaps, altogether selfish; for putting aside the fact that Miss Spencelaugh was the greatest heiress in the county, Mr. Duplessis was quite capable of appreciating her goodness and beauty, and of estimating them at their full value; and, for my own part, I believe that his affection for Frederica was as deep and sincere as it was in his nature to feel for any one, or anything, except himself and his own interests. Should circumstances, however, go utterly against him at Belair, I think he was quite capable, without too much of a heartache, of turning his attentions to some other quarter, where they might, perhaps, be looked upon with more kindly eyes—say, in the direction of Miss Cumworth of Cumworth Manor; or towards the sole daughter and heiress of old Antony Tiplady, the great manufacturer of Eastringham.

Mr. Duplessis coming after a time within sight of Lilac Lodge, while yet some distance away could see Antoine standing, napkin in hand, gazing earnestly up the road. It was a sign that dinner was waiting; so Mr. Duplessis shook his horse's reins, and cantered up to the gate. Jock, the groom, was in attendance, and Antoine proceeded at once to serve up dinner.

Lilac Lodge was a small, low, white, two-storied building, with a broad verandah running round three sides of it, and with a stable, paddock, and servants' entrance at the back. From the verandah, a lawn of smoothest turf swept gently down, interspersed with flower-beds of various shapes and sizes, to where a sheltering hedge of laurel and holly shut in the little precinct from the vulgar gaze. The main entrance was through an iron gate, from which a sinuous gravel-path ran up to the front of the cottage; but there was a side-wicket which was more commonly used.

Mr Duplessis ate his dinner in solitary state in his pleasant little dining-room, waited upon by the assiduous Antoine, who rarely allowed any other servant to approach his master. But then Antoine was more than a servant—he was M. Henri's foster-brother and humble friend; and another friend equally staunch, true, and devoted to his interests, the Canadian would not have found, had he sought the round world over. He was the faithful depositary of all his master's secrets; he rejoiced in his successes, and sorrowed over his misfortunes, with a sincerity that had no tinge of selfishness in it. Though of the same age as his master, he looked half-a-dozen years older. He had a round, good-humored, but somewhat sardonic visage, crowned with a mop of short, black, stubbly hair, which stuck out in every direction, and which had further burst out on his upper lip in the shape of a stiff moustache. His cheeks and chin were blue-black, from the frequent use of the razor; and his large flabby ears were ornamented with small circlets of gold. He was very supple and active, and moved about the little house with a stealthy cat-like pit-pat which was particularly distasteful to the two English women-servants, and added not a little to the dread with which they habitually regarded him; but advancing years were bringing corpulence with them, and Antoine's mind was troubled thereby. Round his neck he wore a black ribbon over a broad turn-down collar, and always carried a large, old-fashioned silver watch, worn in an old-fashioned fob, with an old-fashioned ribbon and seals. This watch, with its appendages, was Antoine's fetish of Respectability—a word which he held in great veneration. He talked both English and French indifferently well, but the latter better than the former; and it was in the French language that he and his master generally conversed when alone. Finally, the leisure hours of M. Antoine were devoted to the manufacture and consumption of innumerable cigarettes of a mild nature, and to the perusal of French newspapers of ancient date.

As soon as Mr. Duplessis had finished his dinner, he lounged out into the verandah, where the attentive Antoine had already placed an easy-chair, and a small table with wine and cigars. It was a clear starlight evening, cool and refreshing after the hot day.

"Sit!" said Mr. Duplessis with a wave of his hand, as he proceeded to light a cheroot; and Antoine, in obedience to his master's wish, seated himself some distance away on the edge of the verandah, which went down by two steps into the garden.

"Smoke!" said Mr. Duplessis; and Antoine manufactured and lit a cigarette. The two smoked in silence for a few minutes, and then Mr. Duplessis spoke.

"Thou must write to Clotilde to-night, my child," he said; "I promised her that thou shouldst do so. The girl is breaking her heart at thy neglect."

"Yes, Monsieur Henri, I will write, if you wish me to do so," replied Antoine with a grimace. "Ah, bah! what a fool the girl is! She knows I care nothing for her; why, then, cannot she let me alone, and try to forget me?"

"But, Antoine, thou must try to love her."

"Love her, my faith! She has the temper of a tiger-cat. She would put a knife into me before we had been six months married."

"I tell thee, pig that thou art, that thou must make love to her. She is useful to me, and I cannot afford to spare her just yet. As to marrying her, or not, afterwards, that is thy business."

"It shall be as you wish, Monsieur Henri. I will write to her to-night, and tell her that I adore her, that I am her slave for evermore. But there is a little English *mees*, a miller's daughter, whom—"

"Silence, babbler!" said Mr. Duplessis. "What are thy miserable love-affairs to me. Listen, while I speak to thee of something far more important."

"Yes, Monsieur Henri; I attend."

"Before six months are over, I shall be married to the richest and most beautiful young lady in all Monkshire."

"Ah, Monsieur Henri, but that is indeed good news!" exclaimed the emotional Antoine, as he flung away the end of his cigarette, and rushing up to his master, seized him by the hand, and kissed it several times with fervor. "It is news that makes glad the heart of foolish Antoine. When Monsieur began to grow melancholy, and to lose faith in his planet, did I not cry:—'Courage! The day of good-fortune will come at last.' And now it has come; but Monsieur, when he becomes a great rich milord, will not forget his poor, faithful Antoine?"

"Never, Antoine Gaudin, while I live, shall thy fortunes be disevered from mine. Whether rich or poor, we will sink or swim together. But I am no rich milord yet, nor ever may be one, perhaps; for, as the English have it: 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.'"

"Ah, no, Monsieur Henri; I will not believe that. You will marry the rich and beautiful Mademoiselle, and live happily ever afterwards."

"I hope thy prophecy may come true, Antoine," answered the Canadian with a laugh. "If I could but forget the past," he resumed more seriously; "if I could but think of it as an ugly dream, instead of the wretched reality it is, how happy I could be!"

"It *is* only a dream, Monsieur Henri," replied Antoine. "It never can be anything more than a dream now. But when Monsieur is married, he will be rich; and money is the seal of silence, and Van Goost is as secret as the grave."

"Yes, Antoine, if this marriage ever does take place, there is much in my past life that I might well strive to forget. I shall reform, my child; I shall become a model country gentleman; I shall preserve my game, and convict poachers; I shall subscribe to the Monkshire hounds, and study agriculture scientifically; I shall give largely to the different charities, and never spend above one month out of the twelve away from my estate."

"Oh, Monsieur Henri, but consider how *triste* it will be to live ever among these damp fields! One can enjoy life in Paris; one can even contrive to exist in London; but in the country here, one might as well be a cabbage, for anything there is to see or do."

"Stupid! dost thou think that when I am married I will lead this miserable sort of life? Thou shalt see, my friend, what thou shalt see; but should thy days be wanting in excitement and variety, why, marry Clotilde, and, by the garters of Nebuchadnezzar, thou wilt never complain of being dull again!"

Antoine shook his head solemnly, and lit a fresh cigarette.

"Thou hast seen the world of men and women, Antoine," said his master after a pause; "thou art somewhat of a judge of beauty. What is thy opinion of Miss Spencelaugh?"

"Oh, the beautiful Mademoiselle!" exclaimed Antoine with animation, as he drew his shoulders up to his ears, and placed the tips of his fingers over the region of his heart. "How truly charming she is! What eyes! fire stolen from Olympus. What lips! sweeter than Hebe's own. What swimming grace and majesty of movement! Juno's self come down among mortals. What hair!—"

"Cease thy heathenish catalogue!" exclaimed Mr. Duplessis impatiently. "She is beautiful—that is enough. And she is as good as she is beautiful. When in her presence, I can't help feeling what a pitiful vagabond—what a mean, sorry rascal I am. Can it be possible that she will ever stretch forth a lily hand to lift such a one as me from the nether pit of his own black nature? Ah, no, no; it is not possible!"

Antoine was alarmed; he began to fear for his master's sanity, for the Canadian spoke with an intensity of feeling quite uncommon with him; and then, was it not monstrous for any reasonable being to depreciate himself in that ridiculous way? Antoine crossed over to where his master was sitting, and stooping over him, stroked him gently on the back, as he might have done a sick child.

"Ah, Monsieur Henri," he said, "such words frighten me. Do not say them again, I pray of you. Your stomach is out of order; to-night you must take two pills before you go to bed. Mademoiselle is very beautiful, without doubt, but neither too beautiful nor too good to become the wife of my dear master!"

"Thou art an excellent fellow, Antoine," said Mr. Duplessis, sadly, as he rose and began to pace the verandah—"but these things are beyond thy comprehension. I love this girl," he went on—"yes, love her for herself alone, as I never thought this selfish heart could love any one; and, by Heavens, when she is all my own, I will do my best to make her happy! I will teach her to love me as I love her; I will forget the past; and walking through life with her pure presence by my side, I will strive to—"

Mr. Duplessis ceased abruptly. There was the sound of a footstep on the gravel outside the garden gate. The nimble Antoine disappeared silently among the evergreens; but before he could reach the gate, Mr. Duplessis heard the well-known hail of the country postman, and presently Antoine reappeared with a letter in his hand.

"A pretty time of the night to be receiving letters!" exclaimed the Canadian.

"A break-down on the railway, Monsieur Henri; hence the delay," exclaimed Antoine—"From Montreal," he added, in a whisper, as he handed the epistle to his master.

Mr. Duplessis muttered a malediction below his breath; all his finer feelings had been put to flight by the inopportune arrival of the postman; he was his cynical calculating self again, such as Antoine always remembered him to have been. He waited with what patience he could command till Antoine had lighted the lamp and closed the shutters; and even then he dallied awhile with the letter before opening it, examining the seal and the postmark, and the curious crabbed writing of the direction. When he did open it, it did not take him long to read; but when he had spelt it through to the last syllable, he seemed for a moment or two as though he could not take in the full import of its contents; so he read it over a second time; and when he had made sure that his eyes had not deceived him, he flung the letter across the table, and turning on Antoine with a face from which all color had fled, he said in a hoarse whisper: "Read!" and then passed quickly out into the solitude of the garden.

Antoine picked up the letter, and read as follows:

Montreal, May 2.

Marie has escaped. I am on her track, and hope to find her either to-day or to-morrow. No time to say more. Will write you full particulars by the next mail.

Antoine having mastered the contents, spread the letter out on the table, and stood with his hands in his pockets, staring at it in blank dismay.

"Poor Monsieur Henri! what a terrible blow for him!" he muttered to himself. "But, bah! why do I frighten myself? She is no match for Van Goost, and without doubt he has coaxed her back again long before this."

Mr. Duplessis coming in next moment from the garden, Antoine repeated to his master the assurance he had found so comforting to himself.

"It must be so, Monsieur Henri," he volubly added, as Mr. Duplessis shook his head in dissent. "You know well how crafty and fearless is that Herr Van Ghoost. Yes, my faith! as bold as a thousand lions, and as crafty as the good gentleman in Black. He is not a man whom Antoine Gaudin would like to have in pursuit of him; and *La Chatte Rouge* herself will find that it would have been better to stop quietly where she was, rather than exasperate him by a vain attempt to get out of his clutches."

"It's like my cursed luck," said Mr. Duplessis, bitterly, reverting to idiomatic English, "to be bowled out in this style, just at the moment that fortune seemed to be shining her brightest on me!"

"Ah, Monsieur Henry, do not lose courage, I pray you!" exclaimed Antoine, pathetically. "You have no occasion to fear anything. Grant that *La Chatte Rouge has* escaped—grant even that Van Goost fails to find her. What then? She does not even know whether you are living in Europe or America; much less, that you are snugly hidden away, like a dormouse, in this quiet English retreat, as utterly inaccessible to any search of hers as if you were locked up with the man in the moon. As far as she is concerned, you are dead and buried."

"Thou dost not know her as well as I do, Antoine, else thou wouldst not speak so confidently. In craftiness and duplicity, Van Goost himself is as a child compared with her. The news that cursed letter has brought me hangs like a millstone round my neck, and will do so till the next mail shall bring me further tidings—either good or bad; for to know the worst would be less intolerable than this suspense."

"But look you, Monsieur Henri, even supposing *La Chatte* were to discover that we reside in this damp paradise—and by a miracle only could she become possessed of such information—why, even in that case, I do not think she would come near us, or let us know where she herself might be. Would she not rather say to herself: 'Let him go his way, and I will go mine; and let us meet no more on earth?' Say, Monsieur, would it not be so?"

"Do not delude thyself with such an idea, my poor Antoine. She would beg her way barefoot for a thousand miles to wherever I might be, rather than miss the opportunity of blighting me with her hateful presence. But if she does come, let her beware. Let her not try to step between me and the golden apple that is ready to drop into my hand; for I tell thee, Antoine, that I will sweep her from my path at every risk, even if she or I should perish in the attempt!"

"Those are bright, brave words," said Antoine, with a meaning smile; and as he spoke, he drew a long ugly-looking knife from its sheath, hidden away below his vest, and plucking a hair out of his moustache, he held it up to the light for a moment, and then deftly severed it with the blade.

"Put that villainous-looking thing out of sight," said Mr. Duplessis, with a shudder. "I feel a devil tugging at my heart when I look at it."

"'Tis but a pretty plaything, Monsieur Henri, which I always keep by me," said Antoine with an evil smile; "a toy, a trifle; but such as it is, it is always at my master's service—always."

CHAPTER VI.

TACTICS AT BELAIR.

When Frederica Spencelaugh promised her uncle that she would give Mr. Duplessis an opportunity of pleading his suit in person, she did not see the full danger of the concession she was making; nor was she, indeed, just then in a mood to care for anything beyond the one bitter fact, that she was deserted by the man she loved. As days and weeks passed on, the first sharp agony of her wound began to wear itself away, leaving in its stead a dull, aching pain; and, whether sleeping or waking, the constant sense of some great and irreparable loss. Then, too, for the first time, she learned the meaning of the word "nerves." She grew morbid and melancholy, and would sit alone for hours, brooding, ever brooding, brooding; and when the ghostly solitude of her own thoughts became utterly unbearable, she would order *Zuleika* to be saddled, and would gallop far away over the breezy downs, or by the lonely shore, in a vain search for her old joyous self, only to return home weary and dispirited, sick of the glaring sunshine, and the rude ocean breezes, in which there was no sympathy with the dark misery gnawing at her heart. But to the world, Frederica was the same fearless, proud-spirited creature she had ever been—clear-eyed and heart-whole; and except that her head drooped a little wearisomely now and then, and that her colorless cheek had a slightly worn look, such as had never been there before, there was nothing to tell of the struggle within.

Not many days were suffered to elapse before the rash promise she had made was recalled to Frederica's mind; and although she would have given much to revoke it, yet seeing how impossible it was for her to do so, she was far too straightforward and fearless to shrink from the consequences of what she had done; but she soon gave Mr. Duplessis to understand, and that without saying a word on the subject, that the advantages which he would gain from her promise would be trifling indeed; and had not the Canadian been a man of exemplary patience, he would probably have been disgusted by the coolness of his reception, and have "cried off" before many weeks were over. But Henri Duplessis was not easily balked when he had set his heart on anything.

His object after Sir Philip had told him, with garrulous eagerness, that Miss Spencelaugh had promised "to try to like him a little," had been to seek an interview with Frederica, and with all the warmth and passion, real and simulated, which he could summon for the occasion, to lay himself, metaphorically, at her feet, and, if possible, to wring from her a further promise of one day becoming his wife. But when he saw, one time after another, how persistently Frederica refused to give him the desired opportunity; how, by no scheming, would she allow herself to be left alone with him for a minute; and when at last it dawned on his mind that the promise she had given had been given entirely out of deference to her uncle's wishes, and not in the least degree through any regard for himself; and that if he persisted in these violent attempts at commonplace love-making, he should frighten his bird beyond recall; he wisely determined to change his tactics, and to win his way to her regard through her intellect, before laying siege to the fortress of her heart.

Mr. Duplessis, while admitting the full difficulties of the task before him, never allowed himself to despair. His experience of the sex had unconsciously led him to form such a good opinion of his own qualifications, that he was not troubled with any doubts as to his ultimate success in the present instance. He was acute enough to perceive, what no one else suspected, that the shadow of some old love still lingered in the heart of Frederica; but he wisely kept his knowledge to himself, trusting to time and his own efforts to pull down the image of his unknown rival, and set up that of Henri Duplessis in its place. From the day on which he decided to change his mode of action, he no longer sought for opportunities of finding Frederica alone; and when Lady Spencelaugh once or twice attempted, good-naturedly, to make such occasions for him, he shrank from accepting them, and seemed unaccountably to have become as shy and retiring as his ladye-love herself.

When, on the other hand, Miss Spencelaugh and he met in the presence of others, and better still, if there were only a third person present, and especially if that third person were Miss Craxton—ex-governess at Belair; middle-aged, snuffy, but still delightfully sentimental, and at present on a visit to her old pupil—then would Mr. Duplessis exert himself to the utmost to dazzle and fascinate Frederica.

Although the richest young lady in all Monkshire, Miss Spencelaugh had seen but little of London society, for the baronet and his wife had lost, years ago, all relish for town-life; and what little company visited at Belair was not of a kind to possess much interest for Frederica, chiefly consisting, as it did, of middle-aged country squires and their wives, with perhaps an insipid daughter or two, just emancipated from the boarding-school. Young gentlemen, wanting neither in manners nor education, were not more scarce in Monkshire than anywhere else; but after one or two of them had tried their fortune with the heiress of Belair, and had been repulsed; and when a rumor ran through the bachelor ranks that Miss Spencelaugh had bound herself by an oath never to marry, they fought rather shy of the solemn dinner-parties at the Hall, and carried themselves and their attractions to quarters where they were more likely to be appreciated. But, indeed, had any of the robust young squires of Monkshire—university-men many of them, with their honest homely country training overlaid with a thin lacker of London fast life—been foolish enough to enter into the lists with Mr. Duplessis, they would soon have had cause to regret their temerity in so doing; for Mr. Duplessis had a hundred advantages on his side, such as no young man of twenty, however accomplished he might be, could hope to rival. In the first place, there was his age; and a man's age, up to a certain point, if properly managed, is an advantage rather than the contrary in a love-chase, especially if the Diana of whom he is in pursuit has to be won through the intellect as much as through the heart. Then, again, Mr. Duplessis had the advantage of a wide experience of the world. He had travelled much, and had seen life in various forms; he was an excellent linguist, and had supplemented an originally good education by sundry accomplishments picked up in different countries; and he knew how to present his knowledge in its most attractive guise before others. To all this, add the fact, that he was eminently handsome, and that his style was pronounced to be irreproachable, and it will at once be seen that Mr. Duplessis was not without reason on his side when he expressed his firm belief in the ultimate success of his suit.

That the Canadian was possessed of many attractive qualities, Frederica had been made aware from the day on which the Belair party had made his acquaintance so opportunely among the Pyrenees; and as time wore on, the friendly bond between the two assumed that easy, bantering, thrust-and-parry character which seems to be educed so naturally from the collision of two bright and well-polished intellects; which is essentially of the world, worldly; which rarely or never touches any of the deeper cords of feeling, nor desires, indeed, to do so; which is very ephemeral, and easily broken, but very pleasant while it lasts; and is, in fact, such a gay and sparkling apology for genuine friendship that many easy-hearted individuals prefer it to the real article, as less troublesome, and by no means so exacting. So long, then, as the friendship between them—if friendship it could be called—moved pleasantly along to light music, so long did Miss Spencelaugh take pleasure in the company of the accomplished Canadian; but at the first whisper of love, the sunlight of laughter died out of her eyes; she turned on him in all her dark and haughty beauty, and shuddered as though a serpent had stung her.

It was not merely that Frederica's heart was already given to another; there was something beyond that—one of those nameless unaccountable antipathies, which caused her whole nature to rise in revolt against the idea of ever becoming the wife of Henri Duplessis. And yet, in the face of this antagonistic feeling, she had given that rash promise to her uncle! She had given it during the first sharp pain of her bereavement, while utterly indifferent as to whatever might happen to herself; how bitterly she regretted it afterwards, no one but herself ever knew. But when Frederica perceived that all lover-like advances on the Canadian's part had entirely ceased; that he no longer sought for an opportunity of finding her alone; and that his demeanor in no wise differed from that of any other gentleman who visited at Belair, she concluded, not unnaturally, that seeing how distasteful his suit was to her, he had silently abandoned it; and grateful to him for his forbearance, she began slowly, and almost unconsciously, to unbend towards him; and by degrees the intimacy between them came to assume its old easy laughing character, which was precisely the point to which Mr. Duplessis was desirous of bringing it, and from which he began to work afresh.

It was the old easy intimacy with a difference, as Frederica was not long in discovering; less bantering and satirical than of yore, but with more of the earnest feeling of real friendship, at least on the part of Mr. Duplessis; and based on a pleasant communion of intellectual tastes hitherto unsuspected by Frederica. It was strange to discover that Mr. Duplessis's favorite authors were hers also. His acquaintance with Dante, and Goethe, and Schiller, exceeded her own; and in English literature, he was certainly much better read than she was. Then there were other happy points of contact between them. Mr. Duplessis, like Frederica, was passionately fond of sketching from nature, and wielded a free bold pencil, which seemed to rub in, with a few easy rapid touches, effects which only by much slow, painstaking study could she adequately shadow forth. What more natural, under these circumstances, than that they should occasionally find themselves among the beautiful Belair woods sketching some picturesque nook together, with obliging little Miss Craxton to play propriety between them. Then, again, Mr. Duplessis was an admirable amateur musician, and had a clear ringing tenor voice, which he knew how to use with excellent effect; and music, in such a case, is full of dangerous fascinations, and has tones of hidden tenderness all its own, which can reach the heart that no other language avails to touch.

The health of Sir Philip Spencelaugh waned slowly as the summer advanced, but he still clung as tenaciously as ever to his pet scheme of a union between the man for whom he had contracted so singular a liking, and Frederica. He saw, with a sort of querulous satisfaction, that Frederica no longer displayed any signs of distaste for the company of Mr. Duplessis; and he was only dissuaded from urging his niece to name an early day for the marriage by the Canadian himself, who knew well that the baronet's persuasions would have an effect precisely the opposite of that which it was intended they should have, and would utterly freeze those pretty tender buds of liking which he saw creeping forth from day to day, and which he hoped, by patient and judicious cultivation, would one day culminate in the perfect flower of love. So the baronet, with some difficulty, was induced to keep his own counsel, and that of Mr. Duplessis, as far as it was known to him. He would sit for an hour at a time with Frederica's hand in his, patting it softly, and murmuring below his breath: "Good girl, good girl," and gazing with anxious eyes into that bright proud young face, which, when in his presence, always softened into a tenderness such as was rarely seen upon it at any other time.

Beyond the precincts of Belair, the news, unfounded as we know, spread quickly, emanating from what source no one could tell, that Miss Spencelaugh was positively engaged to Mr. Henri Duplessis, and that the marriage was to take place before Christmas—spread to Normanford and Eastringham; and thence, in an ever-widening circle, from one country-house to another, till it was known throughout the length and breadth of Monkshire; and so, after a time, it travelled up to town, and came to be discussed in west-end drawing-rooms, and to be a topic for brief comment at chance meetings in the crush on aristocratic staircases.

Such was the position of affairs at Belair, at the time when one of the most important characters in our history makes his first appearance on the scene. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Fuller says of sermons—"Though reasons are the pillars of the fabric, similitudes are the windows which give the best lights."

☞ Mr. Quelp hopes the "hops" at the watering-places will brew no evil.

FACE TO FACE.

When we met face to face, how pale thy lips,
Lips which so often I have warmed to life!
Thy cheeks how colorless! but memory slips—
A year ago I sought thee for my wife.
Unstained those eyelids now, of grief no trace,
When we met face to face!

Unclasped the arms which oft have locked me round,
The hair unruffled which has kissed my brow;
Immovable the cruel mouth, no sound
That might recall the echo of thy vow;
The same rare beauty and transcendent grace,
When we met face to face.

I saw thee coming, and my heart beat high,
A thousand thoughts came flooding to my brain;
One tender hope there was! I heard no sigh—
Well, it was better thus to save me pain;
Still I bethought me of our last embrace,
When we met face to face!

Were there no memories? no grief to hide?
Not for one instant didst thou long to prove
The value of a heart once flung aside,
The truth of one whom thou hadst sworn to love?
No deep-drawn anguish for a moment's space,
When we met face to face?

My wound was healed, but it has bled once more,
Again mine eyes have welled with bitter tears,
My heart is pierced anew, let time restore
Forgetfulness of re-remembered years.
And thou? Well, glory in thy heart's disgrace,
We have met face to face.

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

Relations.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and in his own house.

Verily a man's foes be they of his own household.

And one needn't go as far as the Bible to prove it. For of all the tiresome, bothery, disagreeable people you meet in this world, your own dear relations are the tiresomest, botheriest, disagreeablest. Fact.

Who tells you that she is really sorry you are beginning to look so old of late, quite like an old maid? Your married sister.

Who alludes to your gray hairs before company? Your married sister.

Who is it that "felt for you last night when you were making such an everlasting fool of yourself?" Your younger brother, who wears Solferino cravats, and affects the ring-tailed style of penmanship, like a school-girl.

Who appropriates all your prettiest ribbons and laces without a word of thanks? Your younger sister, who also indulges in the ring-tailed style of penmanship.

Who expects from you, during your natural life, the duties of two grown persons—and the obedience of a child seven years old? Your father.

Who talks spitefully to your face and scandalously behind your back, and is always prophesying that you will turn out badly? Your maiden aunt, who takes pills nightly, and has a very long and a very sharp nose, sharpened by continued prying into other people's business.

Who, when they pass you in the street, nudge the elbow of golden Dobbs and inquire: Who is that person? Your rich second cousins.

Who circulate slander about you, and confidentially assure your acquaintances that you are no better than you ought to be? Your poor second cousins.

Who give you abundant stores of advice, which it is no blessing at all to receive, and give you—nothing else? Your relations individually.

Who think that, considering the advantages you have had, there is nothing at all uncommon about you, and if, with their natural gifts, they'd but had your chance, they'd showed who was who? Your relations unanimously.

In short, who in all this world are the most cretchetty, annoying, fault finding, troublesome people to have around? Your relations generally.

It is quite true. If you want to buy a thing from some loving kinsman, you must pay twice as much as to an outsider; must pay also the price of being a cousin-in-law; if you sell a commodity to one of them, must let it go for half value, because—would you have the heart to charge your own brother Hezekiah as much as a stranger?

They frown when fortune smiles upon you, and laugh when fortune frowns. Stanislaus, King of Poland, who experienced more ups and downs in this life than usually falls to the lot even of princes, says:—It is rare that an unfortunate person has friends, still more rare that he has relations.

Stanislaus, King of Poland, knew a thing or two.

They expect more from you than anybody else, and give you less credit for the good you do, and the sacrifices you make, than any mortal besides. Would you have charity for your failings, sympathy in your discouragement, go not for it to your relations. You will sooner find it among the Cannibal Islanders. Why is it that the young man who would make a great fortune goes as far away as possible from home to make it? Why must he who would plant his feet upon the mountain-top, journey with weary step away from his native mountains? Why but that the true friend, the kindly eye, the helping hand are not those of his own household? Don't you find it so?

Among strangers, you may receive and write twenty letters a day, and nobody once offers to mind your business for you; at home, let but the grocer's boy bring you a cabbage head, and it is taken as a personal insult, if not an injury, if every soul in the house be not permitted to examine it. And if ever you are rash enough to send off a letter without the entire family's knowing every word in it, you are asked with the look of Fox's whole book of martyrs in one, whether you think there is anybody who has a better right to know. Right! They have no right at all! Other people don't do so. Other folks don't claim the right to fumble into your trunks *from* top to bottom, to wear out your best clothes, to peep into all your letters, to write scribbling criticisms over your nicest manuscripts, and if your lover send you a proposal of marriage, to inspect and see whether it is spelled correctly; in a word, to own you, body and soul, and think your very thoughts for you. Why, I want to know, because a person's grandmother married your uncle, does it give that person the right to be impertinent, prying, and spiteful? Why, because a man is your brother, may he exact more and yield less than the veriest sharper would be ashamed to do? Moreover, I cannot see any good reason why a man should be allowed to vent upon his own wife and children all that ill-humor, selfishness and bearishness which he would never dare display among his acquaintances; why he should take liberties at home that he would never dream of using with the raggedest vagabond in the street.

You may live with people who are no kin to you for twenty years, and not find your patience tried as much as it will be in two weeks at home. You may pass your life among friends who will give you the credit of being a most cheerful, good-tempered individual, but that dodge won't do at home. It's only your blessed relations who can read you like a book. It is left for them to announce the fact that this pleasantness is all put on, that at heart you are vicious as a catamount. And if, in the past, at some unhappy moment, you have made a fool of yourself, or done a thing of which you are ashamed, or been guilty of an act whereof you repented in sack-cloth and ashes forever after, be sure they are the ones to taunt you with all three. If there be one circumstance above another in your life, one circumstance which you would rather not have mentioned, your relations will be the ones to tell you of that incident, daily and nightly. Suppose that with maturer years have come to you a better heart, a kinder temper, a purer conscience, *cui bono? They* knew you when you were a regular spitfire, when you would "do things on the sly as well as the rest of us," and you needn't go to putting on airs where they are.

And suppose you give up your whole time to them, working till the day of your death, "all for love and nothing for reward," what then? Expect no thanks, for is it not their right? Expect rather to have more and more required of you every day, for relations, besides being ungrateful, are insufferably impudent. Job himself couldn't live in peace with them.

I wonder that people don't die, oftener than they do, from a sudden attack of relations.

ZIG.

Last Hours of Miss Bremer.

That (Christmas) night she dreamed, as she told us the next morning, of hearing the most glorious music, such as she never heard in reality: now, of a certainty, this music has been realized to her. She and I drove early to church for the Christmas matins, and she sang the hymns and "Hallelula," with full voice. She was delighted to see the illumined church, but she took cold in coming out. She was taken ill on the second Christmas Day, but she made light of it; she coughed, and had a slight pain in her chest. The following day she seemed better. I drank tea with her in the saloon, and she conversed with her usual animation, eloquence, and cheerfulness. Next day she was much worse, and a physician was sent for. He pronounced her illness to be inflammation of the lungs, and wished her to keep her bed; but she remained up. Various remedies were applied, but without effect. She probably did not suffer much, but her strength was soon exhausted, and all hope was over. She was very cheerful, never complained, and conversed much. Yet there was an evident unrest about her, which greatly distressed us. We did all we could for her. "You make me so comfortable, my dear good children," she said, "you make me so happy by your care!" On the fifth morning, she took several turns round the saloon, leaning on my arm, and gazed from the windows on the beloved familiar scenes for the last time. Soon afterwards, she began to speak of death, and said that "she would have liked to remain a little longer to finish the work she had begun." Later on, she said, "Now I am so tired that if God were to call me, I am content." Afterwards she said, as if speaking portions of inner thought, "God's light in nature! There is something great in the voice of nature. I have a sense of the Divine Perfection—it is good—it is beautiful!" Directly afterwards she took to her bed. The pain and weakness increased. She looked at us in the sweetest manner, called us by the tenderest names, and continually pressed our hands. Her brother-in-law and sister arrived at eight o'clock in the evening. She recognized them, and said, with reference to us, "Those who surround me have been so good and thoughtful to me—so worthy!" It was a moment of inexpressible solemnity to us all! About an hour later she became unconscious of the outer world; uttered only broken sentences from time to time, as, "My soul is in the right place, but still there is combat. The love of Christ is great, immensely great!" Soon afterwards the last strife commenced. At eleven she took some medicine, but at two was unable to swallow. Certainly, she suffered at times, but the end was easy. Two faint notes in the minor key were the last sounds from Tante Bremer's gentle lips. She had ceased to breathe. The moon, which had before been hidden by dark clouds, now came forth and cast its light on the corpse of one of earth's noblest women, but in our hearts there remained a dark impervious night, which no light at that time could penetrate. We now again see light, otherwise we should poorly have comprehended the teachings of her beautiful life. At first the awfulness of death left its impress on her benign features, but an expression of peace was there, as she rested in her coffin. She lay in her own chamber, which Therese and I decorated with creepers and flowers in pots. No snow had yet fallen, and we wove innumerable wreaths of green leaves and white everlastings, which we laid on the coffin. It was black, and on the plate, which was placed at the foot, was engraved the words: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!"—*Twelve Months with Fredrika Bremer in Sweden, by Margaret Howitt.*

A WHISPER.

There was never a day so sad and long
But wore at length to even-song;
There was never a life so full of grief
But death came at last to its relief.

There was never a soul so wholly sad
But it found some moments to be glad;
There was never a heart so full of care
But it had one hope to cheat despair.

There was never a Winter so dark and drear
But it changed to Spring in the early year;
There was never a Summer, ah, well a day!
But it sloped through Autumn to decay.

☞ "Belles" call a great many people to church.

THE ROWING MATCH;

Or, Which Shall Have Her?

BY ENSIGN TOMBS.

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. CRAB SPENDS A LOSING EVENING.

I am sorry to say Mrs. Crab had nearly as unfortunate an evening as myself. The worthy lady, having been comfortably settled at a whist-table, with the quartermaster as her partner, against Captain Seaton and Mrs. O'Hallaghan, was left to her fate both by husband and niece. Now, as ill luck would have it, the cards turned up about as badly as cards could do. Honors and odd tricks were scored against her with a rapidity and regularity quite overwhelming. Moreover, it takes a good player, they say, to make the most of a bad hand: certainly the quartermaster did not. Captain Seaton, too, was a steady old fellow, who never lost a chance, and Mrs. O'Hallaghan had played since she was fifteen, so what chance had poor Mrs. Crab? Her diminished purse answered for her. Although the points were only silver threepennies, she was seven and sixpence "to the bad" at supper-time, and luck had been dead against her all the evening.

But worse things still were at hand. What with stopping to finish a rubber, and settling the number of points afterwards, they reached the supper-room only to find it crammed to suffocation, and not an inch of even standing-room anywhere. Captain Seaton and the quartermaster, who were both in a pretty comfortable state as regarded the inner man, thanks to the mess-dinner, suggested a return to the card-room; Mrs. O'Hallaghan, who was at heart a thorough gambler, assented, and poor Mrs. Crab, who was really very hungry, and in whose ears the clattering of knives and forks had a most tantalizing sound, was obliged to submit.

"We shall just have time for one rubber before these people finish their supper," said the quartermaster, as they returned up-stairs.

"And we'll have a biscuit and glass of wine in the refreshment-room, just to keep us going," added Captain Seaton; "then, in half-an-hour, we can sit down to supper, with plenty of room and no confusion."

Alas! the rubber was a long—a provokingly long one. It ended at last. "Double, single, and the rub. Five points, that means six. Never was such luck! Six times three are eighteen. Eighteen-pence!" and the quartermaster handed over one and sixpence to the ready grasp of Mrs. O'Hallaghan. Mrs. Crab followed suit. Surely there would be some chance of supper now! They descended again. Alas! the supper-room was tenanted by a party of riotous young subs, drinking champagne, sitting on the tables, chaffing the waiters and one another, and several of them evidently in want of sedatives and bed. Mrs. O'Hallaghan paused in dismay; Mrs. Crab groaned, but confessed it would not do; they could not venture among such a set. There was nothing for it but to return again; and thus poor Mrs. C. found herself, at 2 A. M., sitting hungry and forsaken in the drawing-room, tired out, and unable to catch sight of the doctor, who was trying a glass of milk punch in the *café*.

Just at this time, as mischief would have it, Lobley, who had fuddled himself completely at and after supper, staggered up stairs to the ball-room, with a bosom friend of half-an-hour's standing, a certain Ensign Poppleton, of the —th Fusileers, nearly as far gone as himself. Making their way as well as they could through the crowd, the worthy couple came to a halt at the drawing-room door, in full sight of the desolate lady of the "Crow's Nest." As the drowning mariner clutches at the veriest straw, so did Mrs. Crab hail the appearance of something like a friend, and not perceiving his condition, eagerly beckoned Lobley to her side.

Over what followed hangs a veil of mystery. To this day no one knows what fate and champagne put into the heads of the two gentlemen to do. They both of them, when afterwards cross-examined, declared they had not the slightest recollection of the matter; and as to Mrs. Crab, he would have been a bold man who would have renewed the subject before her. Conjectures there were plenty; certainly, none at all. Whether the lady had been asked to waltz, or taunted about her pills; whether the two ensigns had tumbled over her, or tried to snatch a kiss, or what, no one could discover. Certainly, about the ear-piercing, excruciatingly discordant shriek which issued from the room a few moments later, there could be no manner of doubt whatever. Fortunately the band were playing their loudest, and nearly every one who could dance was whirling round in the joyous excitement of an after-supper galop. To those few, however, like myself, who were lounging on the landing or sitting in the *café*, the sound was really terrific. We rushed helter-skelter to the rescue—Hallett still holding in his hand a tumbler of punch, the quartermaster with his coatee half unbuttoned, and some half dozen more—tumbling over one another in hot precipitation.

Not that the lady required much assistance. A pair of heels in the air were the first objects which greeted us; these belonged to Mr. Poppleton. Mr. Poppleton's body was behind an ottoman, and invisible. Here was a case of surrender, but active warfare was going on beyond. Sword—I beg her pardon—fan in hand, looking at least ten feet high, and no one can say how yellow with rage, Mrs. Crab confronted poor Lobley, who, almost sobered through sheer fright, had retreated into a corner, and there stood with a look of abject misery on his face which was perfectly irresistible.

I scarcely know what followed. There was a Babel of confusion. Somebody collared Lobley, and led him off. Somebody else raised and carried off Mr. Poppleton. Somebody else offered Mrs. Crab a restorative in the shape of brandy and water. After the battle she gave way. It is almost incredible, but nevertheless a fact,—Mrs. Crab fainted—fainted fairly into the arms of Hallett, who, being almost as short as Dr. Crab, stood staggering under his lovely burden, like Bacchus under his own May-pole. It was an affecting sight. The obliquitous Fullarton came in at that moment to the rescue.

"Bless me, Mrs Crab! What is the matter? Here, some water, quick! Now, Tombs, what are you about? Shut the door, some one, or we shall have the whole room upon us. There, that's it. Now, my dear madam, you feel better, don't you? (She might well, as Hallett afterwards remarked, with nearly a tumbler-full of brandy poured into her.) Now lie back a little and keep quiet. Here, Tombs, go and fetch the doctor."

"You must find your bird before you can catch him." Dr. Crab had vanished. I heard afterwards that he had stormed the *café* counter, and wedged himself behind it at the first well-known cry of his spouse. Anyhow, I could not find him. When I got back, Mrs. Crab was sufficiently recovered for all practical purposes, and steadfastly bent on going home at once.

"Where is my niece?—and the doctor? If some one will find them for me I shall be obliged," said the irate lady.

"Oh, come now, Mrs. Crab," pleaded Fullarton, "it's just the thick of the fun. Miss Crab is enjoying her first ball with the Slashers, and you won't be so unkind as to take her away yet?"

Mrs. Crab burst into another paroxysm of sobs, and Hallett as promptly handed the brandy and water.

"No, thank you! I'm sure—sob—"I should never"—sob—"never have thought of being"—sob—"exposed to"—sob, sob—"such an insult, or of having to go home without"—sob—"my supper: but it's no use talking, go home"—sob—"I will, and"—the worthy lady's feelings again overcame her completely.

"Here is Miss Crab coming!" said some one in the doorway.

"More fool she," was Hallett's unceremonious aside.

"And double fool the blockhead who brought her!" growled Fullarton, as the quartermaster appeared, with Maggie hanging on his arm in a great state of excitement. The worthy man was one of those who are always doing good in the wrong way and at the wrong time.

"Good gracious, aunt! What is the matter?"

"Oh, Margaret! what I have suffered!" cried Mrs. Crab, reviving instantly. "Come along, dear, and let us go home. Some of these gentlemen will call Dr. Crab,—if, indeed," continued the good dame, severely, "he is in a fit state for ladies' society."

"Nice look-out for the doctor," whispered Hallett. "I'm off. It will be getting too hot for some of us."

Everybody expostulated, and Maggie herself begged hard to stay. I felt inclined to exult over her evident annoyance. "Now, Tombs, here is your revenge!" whispered my wounded self-conceit. Fullarton was exhausting all the arguments he could think of, and blarneying away like a born Paddy. All of no use. If I was not much mistaken, tears were coming into Miss Maggie's eyes. She looked so pretty and imploring that it wasn't in male flesh and blood—at least it wasn't in mine—to stand it. If I had space I should be curious to know what a girl's tears will *not* do. Here was I—wounded in my self-esteem, smarting under the neglect of my first love, irritated by the sneers of Fullarton and cool disdain of Major Cadogan and the others—here was I ready to forgive and forget in a moment, because, forsooth, the young lady began to blubber! The question was, who should bell the cat? in other words, who was to get Mrs. Crab home? The doctor wouldn't; the niece didn't want; as to Fullarton and the rest, they would have sacrificed Miss Crab's company rather than such an alternative. Behold the self-devoted Curtius!—I came forward.

"Let me have the pleasure of escorting you home, Mrs. Crab. The doctor will see Miss Crab safely back, I have no doubt; and if you will allow me, I will put you into your carriage, and go with you to the Crow's Nest."

"You are very good, Mr. Tombs, as, indeed, you always are (this with a fierce glance round the room), "but—"

"Now, dear aunt, do."

"Yes, do, Mrs. Crab! that's a capital arrangement," exclaimed Fullarton. Then, aside to me, "Tombs, you're a brick, and I cry pardon."

Under such heavy pressure Mrs. Crab gave way. Every face brightened except my own. There was quite a bustle as to who should pay most attention to Mrs. Crab for the last five minutes of her stay; in other words, who should do most to get her quickly off the premises. Singleton and Delany ran down-stairs to call her car. A perfect bodyguard, headed by Fullarton, escorted her to the ladies' room, and waited for her outside the door, while I rummaged out my forage cap with a tolerably distinct idea that I had made a martyr of myself for the benefit of an ungrateful set, who would only laught at me for my pains. Why—confound that girl! she had not even thanked me, and was gone off to the ball-room again, to flirt and dance, of course, without one thought of my disinterested sacrifice!

"I wish there were no such things as girls at all," I muttered, bitterly, as I walked into the *café* to have a last glass while Mrs. Crab robed.

The news had spread, and a regular roar of ironical congratulation greeted me as I entered. Foremost among the rest was the malicious little doctor, drinking my good health and safe journey, with a grin on his face which would have done credit to any baboon.

"Don't know whether I can trust Mrs. Crab to you," he grunted. "Sad young dog! Flirting with married women—humph!" and he nearly choked himself with punch and suppressed laughter. I wished he had.

"You shall have a statue in the barrack square, Tombs."

"And a memorial to the Horse Guards, signed by every fellow in Athlone."

"Not one of us will have any chance with you after this, Tombs. You're a regular lady-killer."

"Great compliment, Tombs." (It was that abominable little doctor again.) "Not every one Mrs. C. would have gone with. By-the-way (putting his mouth close to my ear,) try a pill now and then on the way; it will keep you both up."

I escaped somehow; but my cup was not full yet.

"I say, here's a go," said Singleton, as I met him on the stairs. "Lobley and that other fellow were put into Mrs. Crab's car, and they first smashed the windows, then quarrelled with the driver, and finally upset the whole affair between them, and there's an end to it. It's no manner of use trying to get another. Some of our guests are gone already, and others are going, and the carmen won't run the chance of missing their own people. Besides, they are all drunk, and won't listen to reason, so you'll have to walk it or stay."

"Stay!" That was just the thing. But Mrs. Crab did not see it. The secret consciousness of having been made a fool *of*, and of having made a fool of herself, had rendered her wild to be off.

"No, Mr. Tombs; I will walk then, since it must be so," she said, in a sepulchral voice. "It is a fit ending to this unhappy evening." So there was no help for it.

We had reached the door. Mrs. Crab was saying good-night to her bodyguard, who, with over abundant politeness, how much of which was real I leave the reader to judge, had insisted on seeing her to the very street, when some one touched my arm. It was Maggie, scarcely able to speak with the haste she had made to catch us before we got out. The hall was nearly deserted; Fullarton and the others had their backs to us, and no one noticed her except myself. She caught hold of my hand and looked up in my face, the Maggie of the Crow's Nest once more.

"*Dear* Mr. Tombs, I am so much, so very, very much obliged to you. I shall never forget your kindness."

"But Miss Crab—Maggie—why did you—"

"Hush! they are calling for you. I must run back to my partner. Good-bye." There was a palpable pressure of my hand, which sent all the blood tingling through my veins; and she had flown up-stairs again.

I turned in a sort of maze to the door, where Mrs. Crab was waiting for me. The smothered laughter and ironical good wishes which the grinning group on the steps sent after us passed unheeded. I was in the seventh heaven. Leaving a ball to walk home with Mrs. Crab before all our fellows, with the certainty of being made a standing joke for many a day, was not the pleasantest of things; but that warm pressure of a soft hand had more than repaid me. Poor male kind! what fools women make of us all!

We were a long time on the road. Mrs. Crab was tired and done up; so was I. The excitement had died away, and I felt chilled and sleepy, as well I might, after the hot room and all the fatigue of that long day. It was no easy work lugging Mrs. Crab along, nor was it the most cheering thing in the world to listen to her unbounded indignation.

"Poor woman!" as Fullarton remarked next day: "it was too bad to lose money, supper, husband, niece, and carriage, all in one evening."

Four o'clock struck as I reached my quarters. "She's a witch of a girl" were my last words, as I fell exhausted into bed.

CHAPTER XIII.

"POST EQUITEM SEDET ATRA CURA."

I was one of the few who turned up to breakfast at ten o'clock the next—or rather the same—morning. Wofully pale and tired did everybody look. The mess servants gaped as they waited, with their eyes only half open. Every sort of fizzing drinkable was in great request. Soda-water and brandy, hock and seltzer, lemonade and ale,* and all the other mixtures designed for the restoration of disordered palates and jaded frames were called for loudly and often.

"And to think that this is only the beginning!" exclaimed Ross, in a despairing voice, as he vainly tried to get through one little piece of bread and butter.

Of course there was a great amount of gossip. As the morning wore on the mess-room gradually filled, until most of our numerous barrack guests and our own fellows were present. The incidents of review, dinner, and ball were freely discussed, and sundry people came in for some rough treatment. Poor Mrs. Crab! I wonder what she would have done could she have heard the roars of laughter which greeted the bare mention of her name, and the ludicrous history of her adventures, which Fullarton, Hallett, and the others who had been present (not including myself, I beg leave to observe) related for the edification of the company? As to Lobley, his conduct was considered too reprehensible for much chaff. There was some doubt felt as to the way in which the affair would be taken up.

"If he acts like a sensible fellow," said Hallett, "and apologizes to Mrs. Crab, the mess, and Colonel Cox, the whole thing must be looked upon as a mere boyish piece of nonsense. Lads shouldn't be allowed too much of the bottle. Do you hear that, Tombs?"

"Never mind, Tombs," said Fullarton.—"Though you were both cut out and cut up about the little Crab girl, you turned out nobly at the finish. I owe you a good turn for your gallantry to the dragon. As to Lobley, poor fellow, he is quite sufficiently punished, I'll be bound, this morning. He'll scarcely show his face for a week."

"Morris says there has been a fellow after him already about the car he smashed, besides half killing the driver."

"And I hear that Tombs is going to call him out to-morrow."

"He had better leave that to Mrs. Crab."

"Nay, Lobley and Pop had enough of Mrs. Crab last night."

The ball was kept rolling in this way from one to another as long as I stayed in the mess-room.

It may be as well to state here that Lobley did apologize in the manner suggested by Hallett, who, with Fullarton, privately reasoned with him, and brought him to his senses. As to the colonel and mess, the affair was then dismissed as a joke, although for long after Lobley was subject to a merciless amount of chaff, and scarcely dared open his mouth for fear of some allusion to his engagement with the dragon. Whether Mrs. Crab would ever have accepted any apology or not, is another question; but Dr. Crab stepped in and settled the matter. The truth is, he was conscious of a little irregularity of conduct on his own part, the punch having proved uncommonly strong; so, for very shame's sake, he turned round, and, much to his wife's astonishment, made light of the affair altogether: "Lads will be lads. Weak heads. Meant nothing, I'll be bound. Frightened out of his wits. You shouldn't have made such a row, Mrs. C. Punished enough at mess, poor fellow. There—let's hear no more of it." And no more was heard of it in the Crow's Nest. But still it was a decided feather in my cap with Mrs. Crab and Maggie.

The men's dinner and ball were the next features in the programme. After a good deal of discussion it had been decided that, considering the limited accommodation of the theatre, our first and principal performance should take place this same evening, in order that those who could not be asked until the second representation might amuse themselves at the ball, while the Lord Lieutenant, General Malachite, and other big-wigs, after witnessing "The Rivals" in peace and uncrowded, would be able to show themselves later on.

Of the dinner nothing need be said except that it answered its purpose admirably. Huge sirloins of beef, quarters of lamb, and plum-puddings, with cheese and ale, disappeared down the throats of our worthy non-commissioned officers and men, who feasted to their heart's content, cheered lustily at the various

* Commonly called "Shandygaff." A capital beverage for a hot day, combining the enlivening properties of the lemonade with the strengthening ones of beer.

toasts, were talked to by his Excellency, the general, and their colonel, and went out fuller and fatter than they entered.

Of all this I only speak from hearsay, for, spite of seediness and headache, Rose, Singleton, Fortescue, and myself were chained down to the oar all the afternoon by Fullarton, going over the racecourse for the last time before the regatta, and performing so discreditably, from the effects of the day before, that Fullarton became intolerably crusty, and we nearly mutinied in a body.

Phough! The very recollection is oppressively tiring. I must begin a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

The dressing-room of the Athlone Theatre was scarcely as spacious as might have been desired. The fittings-up were in the most primitive style, the workmen having concentrated all their energies upon those parts of the theatre which either contained, or came before, the audience; so, while pit, boxes, stage, orchestra, and scenery were on a fairly gorgeous scale, we unlucky performers set about dressing with the bare rafters above our heads—"bare," did I say? they were plentifully covered with dirt and cobwebs;—the floor unswept; a couple of rickety old forms to sit upon, and only one dressing-table among the lot of us. Of course, there was a mysterious "some one" who "ought to have seen to it," but who hadn't; and there was no time now, and no help for it.

The comedy of "The Rivals," from the pen of the Right Honorable R. B. Sheridan, first acted at Covent Garden, A. D. 1775, requires just one dozen *dramatis personæ*, besides sundry "servants" and "maids"—without whom it would seem impossible to put a piece on the stage—and an "errand-boy." These were sufficient, and more than sufficient, to fill the above-mentioned dressing-room of the theatre; but we boasted a much larger company. Every sub in the regiment was smitten, at the last moment, with Thespian ardor, and offered his services as supernumerary. We might have had a regular "chorus" of servants and waiters. Down to this time Fullarton had been hard put to it to obtain actors sufficient, and to get them to stick to their work,—but now that all the festivities had gone off so well, now that excitement was at its height, now that a seat in the theatre was worth its weight in love or money,—the humblest place on the boards were eagerly sought after, and the dressing room was lumbered by a host of our obliging friends, pressing their services upon us in any capacity, and, when forcibly pushed out of the door, getting dreadfully in the way of the carpenters and scene-shifters in the wings.

We four ladies—*Mrs. Malaprop* (Maxwell), *Julia* (Llewellyn) *Lydia Languish* (your humble servant), and my maid *Lucy* (Captain James)—had the lion's share of disagreeables. Talk about a lady's toilet,—thank goodness I am not a woman, if they have to go, every day, through anything like what we were put to, that evening! Llewellyn and James were tolerably stout; *Mrs. Malaprop's* figure is traditionally lean and scraggy; but to get a decent *Lydia* out of my spare, undeveloped carcase necessitated an amount of padding which nearly suffocated me, while my waist was pinched by an abominable stiff corset, until it was as much as I could do to breathe at all, let alone speak. In fact, what with stuffing and lacing,—a lot of heavy skirts flopping about my legs,—my feet screwed into an excruciatingly tight pair of shoes ("Sweet ankles, Tombs!" was Fullarton's comment on this part of my feminine person)—my hair twitched back from my forehead, and powdered, so as to blend the better with the mass of ringlets which were stuck upon my head, and came down upon my shoulders, tickling and teazing me every time I moved,—while my face was sticky and stiff with rouge and pearl-powder;—what with all this, and the nervous fear lest I should forget my part, and make a fool of myself, I wished *Lydia Languish*, heartily, at the bottom of the Shannon, and myself safely in barracks. I may have looked like one of the Graces, as our French *perruquier* politely assured me; but those young ladies, as commonly represented, are encumbered with a very small allowance of clothing indeed, whereas I—phough! I wax hot again at the bare recollection.

The "Knight of the Sorrowful Figure" himself—oh, rare Don Quixote!—would have laughed outright, if he could have put his head into our dressing-room. In one corner, squatted down before a looking-glass, which was rested against the wall, was the *Coachman* (Singleton), arranging for the twentieth time his full-bottomed wig, which would keep tumbling over his eyes, and had already covered his laced coat with a cloud of powder. Seated close by was *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* (Delany), tugging at a huge pair of top-boots, about a size too small, which he was apostrophising in no gentle language. *Faulkland* (Rose) came next, dressed so far as tights and frilled shirt went, but too busy in going over one or two of his longest speeches, to finish his toilet. Every now and again he spouted a few lines aloud, and kept requesting everybody, in turn, to hear him "just for a minute,"—a petition, by-the-way, invariably refused. *Mrs. Malaprop* was in her stays, putting a little more white upon her lovely countenance. *Julia* was practising curtsies, almost extinguishing with her skirts *Fag* the footman, whom Fullarton, with malice *prepense* had provided with the flunkiest of all flunkey liveries, and who, already arrayed in a pair of scarlet plush breeches, was contemplating a gorgeous orange-colored, gold-embroidered garment, with a face of deepest disgust and indignation. Captain Absolute, dressed in the imposing costume of an officer of the period, was trying very hard to see and arrange his own pigtail; and Dr. Crab, as the stern old father, *Sir Anthony Absolute*, in long-skirted, much-laced coat and waistcoat, knee-breeches, silver-buckled shoes, and muslin frills, was playing with his gold-headed cane and paternal snuff-box, as coolly as though he were the real original Sir Anthony brought to life expressly for the evening.

I have not mentioned *Bob Acres* (Fullarton), for one very simple reason, he moved about so much that there was no seeing him. With a word here, and direction there,—now darting after the carpenters,—anon returning to the hands of Monsieur Parrot, who was putting his hair into the proper curl-papers,—then leaving the indignant little Frenchman again to row some interloper, who required a thrice-repeated "third time of asking" before he would depart,—this was Fullarton, though last, by no means least of our company.

The reader must add to all this a floor covered with every sort of garment, military and civil, modern and antique (so far as one hundred years go), and, I may almost say, male and female;—wigs, swords, rouge-pots, boots, cocked-hats, play books, silk stockings, brushes, fans, spurs, and a heap of miscellaneous and most incongruous articles,—and he will be able to form a pretty correct notion of our general appearance.

Seven o'clock! The performance commences at half past. The excitement thickens. Shuffling of feet, rustle of garments, and lively murmur of conversation are distinctly audible. The audience are taking their places. Ting-ting! the orchestra bell sounds, and away go the band of the Blazers to their places in front of the stage, and straightway commence a series of inspiring strains, which effectually drown all other sounds. Dressing is hurried on with. Frantic efforts are made by everybody to look in our one glass at the same time. Curls are discovered to be awry. Captain Absolute loses his gloves, and knocks over a rouge-pot in trying to find them. *Mrs. Malaprop's* dress sits all on one side, and cannot be got right. *Faulkland* declares he has forgotten all his part, and makes us nearly as nervous as himself, by dashing abruptly into snatches of dialogue. As to myself, I feel trussed up as a laughing stock for the company, and am only comforted by the fact that the other ladies look, and doubtless feel, just as uncomfortable.

The last five minutes! "Five—four—three—two—one—off!" sings out some one in the doorway, who has been keeping time. There is a call from the wings for the *Coachman* and *Fag*. Singleton turns as pale as his jolly red face will let him, makes a last arrangement of the full-bottomed wig, and goes forth. *Fag*, in his orange and plush, is conducted to the other side of the stage. There is a pause—Ting-ting!—The curtain draws up, and we hear the roar of applause, and watch from the sides, as our brethren enter the "street at Bath" which forms the first scene, and advance towards the middle to meet one another; the *Coachman* walking, through nervousness, with a decidedly unsteady gait, which forcibly suggests the idea that he must have been previously engaged in trying the Bath strong waters. However, after the first start, they got on pretty well;—the prompter was quick and attentive;—the audience most indulgent. Now for it! The next scene discovers *Lydia Languish* "at home," with her maid *Lucy*. I was properly posed on my sofa, behind the "street at Bath," which two stout carpenters stood ready to slide away. *Lucy* was in front of me with her books;—*Fag* bids his good-bye to *Thomas* the coachman;—the signal from the wings, and I am in the presence of the British public!

A hearty roar and universal clapping of hands greeted us. I blushed through my paint "as natural as life," so I was told afterwards. I might have turned green for all I knew or cared at the moment. Fortunately, Captain James was tolerably cool. His voice roused me. I began to speak,—found courage,—the prompter was at his post,—I got on,—and by the time that *Julia* joined us, I felt quite equal to my part. Acting is like bathing,—the first plunge is the worst. Take it all in all, I think we did pretty well. *Bob Acres* and *Sir Anthony Absolute* made a great hit. So few beside ourselves knew of the doctor's intention, that his appearance was first a puzzle, and then the signal for a round of applause. His "Don't put me into a frenzy," and "If ever I call you Jack again!" were inimitable; and in the memorable scene where the identity of *Captain Absolute* and *Ensign Beverley* is publicly established, he gained a perfect ovation. The duel scene was wonderfully well given by Fullarton and Delany; the ill-concealed cowardice of the former being admirably set off by the Paddy recklessness of the fighting *Sir Lucius*. In fact, all went off without a hitch, except a laughable incident in one of the love scenes between *Julia* and *Faulkland*. Critics say these are the finest pieces of dramatic composition in the play. However this may be, I am certain they are the most difficult to render without touching the over-sentimental vein, and verging on bathos. Poor Llewellyn had always persisted in declaring he must laugh when Rose made love to him; and he did so, in spasmodic giggles, spite of whispered admonitions from the wings. No wonder! *Faulkland* was even more energetic in his love-making, or rather love-marring, than circumstances required; and at the end of the second dialogue, when *Julia* bids him an eternal farewell, and he rushes forward to detain her, his ardor so much overcame him, that he stepped forward too soon and too far, caught his foot in her drapery, stumbled, fell against her, knocked her down, and rolled over her on the stage,—her garments disposing themselves in anything but a lady-like manner, so as to display a pair of most substantial supporters to the eyes of the audience, who were half suffocated with laughter. However, this was only a minute's blunder, and all the rest went smooth and easy.

Our success was flattering. We were called before the curtain again and again. *Acres* and *Sir Anthony* were the chief favorites, but even poor *Lydia Languish* was not forgotten, and I was informed that I looked perfectly ravishing, and that all the ladies in front had been wanting to kiss me.

As to the afterpiece, it was but a half-hour's farce of one act and one scene, and of so little importance that, looking back, I can hardly remember even its title.

Finis! God save the Queen! Drop the curtain! Off with petticoat and corset! Puff! What a blessing to be rid of that abominable padding! Congratulations pour in right and left. We are escorted back to barracks by a regular troop of admiring friends, and when we enter the soldiers' ball-tent, whither the Lord Lieutenant and the rest of our audience have preceded us, we are greeted with general applause, and made the lions of the evening.

The second ball had evidently proved as great a success as its predecessor. There was more room, larger numbers, and even greater fun. Our non-commissioned officers—as, indeed, is generally the case throughout the army—were a very intelligent, well-behaved set of fellows, and their wives turned out in most becoming costumes, most of them being decidedly pretty. Then, nearly all our guests of the night before were present, and as the tent was nicely decorated and well lighted, the scene was a very brilliant one. There was no sit-down supper, but refreshments of every sort were served from a long counter at one end. We Blazers were only guests ourselves on this occasion, both the soldiers' dinner and ball being provided by the general and big-wigs.

I had not seen Maggie Crab the whole evening. I knew she was to have been at the theatre, and at the ball afterwards; but, to tell the truth, I was shy about meeting her. If last night was a sample of what I might expect in public, it was better for me to keep aloof. However, this evening I was a lion. *Lydia Languish* had proved a hit. The general expressed his approval; Major Cadogan looked blandly through his eye-glass, and said they must have me in Dublin; Fullarton clapped me on the back, and vowed he had hopes of me after this; and several ladies informed me that my get-up and acting were very "nice," which word, in a feminine mouth, seems applicable to everything, from a cherry tart to the pyramid of Cheops.

"Pay Miss C. off for last night, my boy," whispered vanity.

Dr. Crab seized me by the elbow.

"Come along, young 'un! Here's Maggie wanting a chat. Said I'd fetch you. Last night's work over again, eh? Have to doctor the whole set of you before the week's out. Tolerable punch,—that's one blessing. Glad Mrs. C. isn't here—stayed at home—enough of it yesterday—a dozen pills at least—poison herself some day. Here, let's dodge our way through these dancing Dervishes. Mag's on the other side."

I followed him like a lamb.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PLOT THICKENS.

"Friends or foes, Mr. Tombs,—which is it to be?"

We were standing together alone—as much alone, that is, as we could be in such a crowd—for the doctor had gone away after a glass of punch. I stammered out something or other.

"It was war last night, was it not? Well, Mr. Tombs, you must confess you deserted me shamefully,"—deliciously cool this!—"and I wasn't to blame, you know, if those silly creatures would fill up my tablets. Besides, I did keep a place for you, and you wouldn't take it. Angry, I suppose, with poor me."

"I was hurt, Maggie! I wasn't angry," I said, seriously.

She laughed.

"Now don't look so sulky! I declare I won't talk any more to you if you do. I'm sure it is very ungrateful of you, when I have made my hands sore with clapping all the evening."

"And what did you think of the play?"

"Or of Miss Lydia Languish—which? Well, I thought it a great pity you are not really a girl. You're almost good enough, and look far nicer in a dress than screwed up in a shell-jacket. Now, there, you're getting sulky again!"

"You're enough to provoke a saint!"

"Well, but you're not a saint, so must not be provoked. Why don't you ask me to dance?"

"I thought your tablets would be full hours ago," I said.

"Silly boy! They have no tablets to night; besides, I am going to be a good girl, and dance double with you, on purpose to make amends for last night. That is," she added, with a comical look, "if you care about it."

It was late when we actors had got to the ball, and there was not much time before us, for the regatta came off the next day, and two sleepless nights together would have been a sorry preparation for pulling. I only stayed for about an hour in the tent, but that hour was almost entirely spent with Maggie. Not that she had lost any of her popularity; but after our one dance she steadily refused everybody, under plea of fatigue, and dismissed cavalier after cavalier with the same cool, nonchalant air which had so stung Lobley and myself the night before.

How I became doubly infatuated, and lost all my self-possession in vain endeavors to frame pretty speeches, at which—i. e., at both the speeches and embarrassment—she laughed in her usual merry way; how I declared I was perfectly miserable for fear she did not care for me, at which she said somebody must have been making fierce love to Lydia Languish, or Lydia would never have been able to make so much love to her; how I grew oblivious to time and place, and felt inclined to go down upon my knees to her then and there, and should have probably lingered on in a state of sentimentality if Fullarton had not warned me it was time to be off,—how all this took place the reader may imagine for himself. The only thing worth special notice is a little incident which occurred just as I was bidding her good-bye. We were standing in a retired corner, sheltered from observation by a group of non-commissioned officers, who were talking with their backs to us. As Maggie took her handkerchief out of her pocket something fell upon the floor. It was a little gold locket, with a lock of brown hair inside. With jealous instinct I picked it up, and looked sharply at it and her.

"Well mayn't I put some of my hair into a locket if I choose?"

"Do people generally carry locks of their own hair about with them?" I asked, contemptuously.

"Do they carry other people's in their *pockets?*" asked Maggie, laughing.

"Yes, until they have time to put the precious treasure into a better place. Perhaps Miss Crab has just received this pretty present."

"You are impertinent, Mr. Tombs. To satisfy you, allow me to observe that 'Miss Crab' had this locket in her pocket when she left home. What she intended to do with it, is another question."

A wild thought came into my head. Could she have brought it for me? The hair was certainly just the color of her own. Was it—could it be a return for the similar gift I had presented to her? I turned eagerly to her; but she was pouting and silent.

"Tell me, Maggie," I said, "is this really your hair?"

"No, I will not. Give me back my locket."

"Will you forgive my rudeness, and let me have it?"

"Well, upon my word! Give me back my locket this minute!"

"You said you brought it for some one."

"I did not."

"Let me be that 'some one,' in return for what I gave you the other day!"

"So you want returns for your gifts, do you?"

"Yes, in some cases," I said, boldly, determined not to be daunted. "Come, Maggie, confess you brought this for me. I see it is your hair."

"I never said so."

"Never mind; I believe it is. Will you let me have the locket?"

"What incomprehensible things men are!" said the tantalising girl. "Here, first of all, you would persist it wasn't my own hair, and now you are equally obstinate that it *is*. Well, think what you like. But why should I give it you of all people?"

"Because you brought it for me," I repeated, coolly.

"Say that again, and I will take it from you at once."

"Otherwise you won't!" I exclaimed. "Thanks—thanks, a thousand times!" And I put it carefully into my pocket.

"Well, you're a thief, that's all! Now don't say I gave it you. You've taken it by force." And she laughed again.

In another minute I had said good-bye, and in a state of pleasurable excitement was walking from the tent to my quarters. The air did me good. What with acting, dancing, and love-making, I was anything but cool or collected. The last two days seemed like so many months. However was I to row next day? "I must get a good seven or eight hours' rest, and that's the long and short of it," was my reflection, as I reached my room.

To my great astonishment it was lighted up and occupied. Seated in my easy-chair, in a very untidy state of dress, looking so pale and ill that I hardly knew him, and altogether presenting a most deplorable appearance, was Lobley. He started up as I entered, and held out his hand.

"I have been waiting for you, Tombs, ever so long. Will you shake hands with me? I wasn't altogether myself last night. Will you forgive me?"

"Of course, old fellow! Don't say anything more about it. I was to blame, too. Sit down, and let's have a pipe. Why, what have you been doing with yourself? Haven't you been at the ball?"

"No, nor theatre either. I haven't stirred out of my rooms all day. I don't think I ever spent such a miserable day in my life."

"Nonsense, man alive! What's the use of making yourself unhappy? The thing is over now, and can't be helped."

It was but poor comfort this, I felt while I was speaking.

"I've done what I could to make amends," went on poor Lobley. "I wrote to the Colonel, and also to Mrs.—," he could scarcely get the word out, "to Mrs. Crab; but I can never face the mess again, to be chaffed as I shall be."

I cheered him up as well as I could, and abandoning the idea of bed for the time, made him take a pipe and a glass of wine, of which last I luckily had a small private supply. After a time he seemed better. There was evidently something still upon his mind which he was wishful and yet unwilling to let out. He fidgeted and made several attempts; at last, out it came.

"Tombs, old boy, do you know why I came here to-night?"

"To get rid of the blues and have a pipe," I suggested.

"I wanted to see you very particularly."

"Oh, hang, it, Lobley, don't let's have the affair over again; I can't stand any more of Mrs. Crab to-night."

"No, no, no; you mistake me. I am sure I am sick enough of that matter; but look here, Tombs; the fact is, I want to come to some understanding with you—don't be angry, please—about Miss Crab."

I gave a start of surprise. He went on,—

"I am so miserable, I can bear it no longer. You see I once thought she cared for me, and you know, Tombs, I have been spooney upon her. No, I'll not use slang—I've been downright in love with her, for I can't tell how long. You know that, don't you?"

I grunted something or other.

"Well, I know you are as bad as I am about her; and what has happened lately will have given you a good chance, if you never had one before. Indeed, I suppose it will be long enough before I shall be on the old footing at the Crow's Nest."

He sighed and made such a long pause, that I struck in with an encouraging "Go on."

"Well, then, I've been thinking seriously that we can't both of us have her."

"No," said I; "that's a fact."

"And yet we each of us want to have her."

"Yes," said I, "that's a fact also."

"And we shall go on coming constantly in one another's way, hindering one another's chance, making all the regiment laugh; and quarrelling, too,—for just look at last night's work—and all through her."

"Not to mention the claret," I observed, *sotto voce*.

"Well, then, Tombs, would it not be better for one of us to give up at once, and let the other go in and win, if he can?"

"That's all very well," said I, wondering whether he had come prepared to resign all pretensions to the prize; "but who is to give way? I'm not inclined, I can tell you." And I thought of the locket in my pocket.

"No, you don't understand me yet. Why can't we settle the matter by a fair trial, the result of which is to be decisive."

"You don't want to fight, surely?" I said, opening my eyes.

"No, I don't approve of duelling," replied Lobley, as seriously as though he were an ancient moralist. "Is there no other way of settling such a dispute, Tombs?"

Bless the man, what did he mean?

"Do you want to toss for it?" I asked, with a painful sense of the ludicrous.

"No, Tombs, I don't. But listen here,—are you willing to decide our claims by a straightforward trial of strength and skill, such as rowing a race against one another, for instance?"

I began to think he had taken leave of his senses. "Why," I said, "to tell you the truth, Lobley, without meaning to offend you, I don't think we stand on an equal footing with the young lady. It isn't right to compromise her; but I must confess I don't think you have much chance."

"While you have; is that what you mean?" said Lobley, quietly. "Well, perhaps so. Still, Tombs, if you will listen a moment you will see I have taken this into account. You're in training now for the regatta; you've been pulling every day for weeks, I haven't touched an oar since I was at Eton; you're strong and well, I'm as weak as I don't know what. Well, then, balance my poor chance of winning a race against your present good chance of succeeding with Maggie, and it's about equal. You're sure to win, either way. I know you are."

"Then why want to race at all," I interrupted.

"Because, when I say that I will give up all idea of the girl if you beat me, I shall have to keep my word, and there will be an end to it, whereas now I can't help running after her."

"But suppose I feel tolerably certain that she cares for me, why should I put myself to the trouble of this ridiculous race, when, by the way, I shall have been pulling all day? Why, Lobley, I shall be as tired as I am now before I start; and if I do race with you I don't intend to lose, I can tell you."

"You can afford to be generous, Tombs," said Lobley, earnestly. "Don't refuse, there's a good fellow. You shall give me 10 to start. It won't take half an hour, and you don't know what a relief it will be to me."

He was so painfully serious, that I did not know what to say. "How are we to manage it without being seen?" I asked.

"I'll arrange all that," said Lobley. "The crowd will make off in a body, after the races. You can stop at Ned's (a small cottage on the Shannon, where we sometimes went for a glass of potheen), and I shall be waiting for you near the Point. If that's all, it's easily settled."

He fairly talked me over. First of all, I was certain that I could beat him easily, barring accidents; secondly, he seemed so bent upon it, and so miserable, that I really felt sorry for him; thirdly, it would certainly be a comfort to remove him fairly from the field; and finally, the whole affair was a lark, and I rather liked the idea from pure fun. A race for a wife was a novelty.

To Lobley, however, it was anything but a joke. When I had consented he thanked me solemnly, reiterated instructions as to time and place of meeting, shook hands, thanked me again, and walked out. If I was not mistaken, there was an air of determination about him which promised a fierce effort to be first. "He shan't succeed, anyhow; indeed, he can't," I soliloquized, as I looked at my own trained muscles. Nevertheless, I wished I had not given him the chance. (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

What a Spider Eats per Diem.

In order to test what a spider could do in the way of eating, we arose about daybreak one morning to supply his fine web with a fly. At first, however, the spider did not come from his retreat, so we peeped among the leaves, and there discovered that an earwig had been caught and was now being feasted on. The spider left the earwig, rolled up the fly, and at once returned to his "first course." This was at half-past five A. M., in September. At seven A. M., the earwig had been demolished, and the spider, after resting awhile, and probably enjoying a nap, came down for the fly, which he had finished at nine A. M. A little after nine we supplied him with a daddy-long-legs, which was eaten by noon. At one o'clock a blow fly was greedily seized, and then immediately, with an appetite apparently no worse for his previous indulgence, he commenced on the blowfly. During the day and towards the evening, a great many small green flies, or what are popularly termed midges, had been caught in the web; of these we counted one hundred and twenty all dead and fast prisoners in the spider's net. Soon after dark, provided with a lantern, we went to examine whether the spider was suffering from indigestion or in any other way from his previous meals; instead, however, of being thus affected he was employed in rolling up together the various little green midges, which he then took to his retreat and ate. This process he repeated, carrying up the lot in little detachments, until the web was eaten, for the web and its contents were bundled up together. A slight rest of about an hour was followed by the most industrious web-making process, and before daybreak another web was ready to be used for the same way. Taking the relative size of the spider and of the creatures it ate, and applying this to a man, it would be somewhat as follows: At daybreak a small alligator was eaten; at seven A. M. a lamb; at nine A. M. a young camelopard; at one o'clock a sheep, and during the night one hundred and twenty larks. This, we believe, would be a very fair allowance for a man during twenty-four hours; and could we find one gifted with such an appetite and such digestion, we can readily comprehend how he might spin five miles of web without killing himself, provided he possessed the necessary machinery.—*Chambers's Journal.*

☞ A NEW METHOD OF LIGHTING CIGARS.—Some exceedingly scientific persons, loth to light their cigars in the ordinary way, rub phosphorus on the end and then breathe gently upon it. The heat of the breath ignites the phosphorus and lights the cigar. We are anxiously awaiting a plan that will beat this.

☞ A little girl, near Milton, Pa., sent to carry lunch to the field hands, was found strangled to death by a black snake. The reptile had coiled itself several times about her neck, and had to be cut in two before he would release his hold.

☞ The wonderful operation of the infusion of blood from the veins of a healthy person into a sickly one, has just been performed at Vienna with complete success. The healthy person operated upon was the husband; the sickly, the wife.

☞ SORGHUM FREE OF TAX.—The Internal Revenue Commissioner, in reply to inquiries whether there is any internal duty on the products of sorghum, replies that molasses and sugar made from sorghum or imphee, are, and have been since the passage of the act of March 31, 1865, exempt from duty.

☞ A party of Cincinnati visitors at Newport, who had made an abundance of money at the recent Saratoga races, went bathing the other day, and while their clothes were in the dressing rooms on the beach, they were plundered of $100,000 in money, and $12,000 in other valuables. The checks and notes were returned by mail the next day from Boston, but the greenbacks and diamond rings remain to be discovered.

☞ Horace B. Pratt, formerly of Binghamton, N. Y., died in Oil City a few days since, under peculiar circumstances. Mr. Pratt, in swallowing a lump of sugar, felt something stick in his throat, which was ascertained afterward to be a beard from a wheat stalk. An abscess soon formed in his throat, which finally burst, and he was suffocated before medical aid could reach him.

☞ COST OF A CIGAR LIGHTER.—An English lord, wishing to do a little more than any of his brother aristocrats had done before him, went to a telegraph office in London, and had his cigar lighted by an electric spark from Heart's Content, sent through the Atlantic cable. This feat cost him 200 guineas, or $1,050 in gold.

☞ A CHINAMAN COMING.—The Celestials having determined to find out something about the great Republic of the West, of which they have heard so much, have sent an Envoy to visit us. This is no less a personage than Mandarin Pintagin, a native of China, high in authority in that country, and who will, doubtless, be received with all due honors here.

☞ The following story is told of a captain of Austrian artillery in Italy. His company was under a tremendous fire, and at one gun there was only one man left to work. The captain went and helped him to serve the piece, and round after round was discharged, till the officer suddenly, in an interval of loading, exclaimed, "Schmidt! how dare you have your shako on your head in a way contrary to regulation?"

☞ The principal haunts of cats—The *purlieus* of cities.

The Last of Lee's Army.

The Petersburg (Va.) Index of August 15 tells the following singular story:

The serenity of the office of the commanding officer of this post was agitated on yesterday by the apparition of four Confederate soldiers who gave their names and descriptive lists as follows: Anthony Monks, Thomas Wells, James Brinberter, Company E, 821 Georgia infantry, 3d Army Corps, A. N. V.; Allen Tewksberry, 433 Louisiana infantry. A more ragged or dirtier set of mortals had never appeared before the colonel during all the dealings he has ever had with the ragged rebels of Gen. Lee's army. Tewksberry was a sort of walking illustration of original patchwork. His clothing had been tied and sewed and stuck together with string and thread and thorns until there did not appear a military square inch upon it which had not been tied up, sewed up, or stuck up in some way or other.

His companions were not quite as badly off, one having a pair of blue Yankee pantaloons with only half-a-dozen rents in them; another aiding the raggedness of his gray pants with a flowing, tough Sibbony Yankee overcoat, and the other making his decency apparent by concealing the defects of his upper garments with an old oilcloth fly, awfully bedaubed with mud.

Tewksberry stated to the colonel that he and his party stopped on the Appomattox, about seven miles above the city, after the evacuation of Petersburg, for the purpose, at first, of resting; that they stayed longer than they expected, and were cut off. They then made a vow to live on that spot, and never go home or give up until the Confederacy was completely annihilated. They sought out a cave on the banks of the river, which at that point is very rocky, and after some little industry succeeded in erecting for themselves a most comfortable little home. Here they lived upon fish and game, and occasional roasting ears during all last summer, and upon bread made of corn they had gathered from the corn fields, and an occasional pig they found without a mother, in their rambles during the winter.

This spring and summer they lived as they did last summer, but recently, hearing from an old negro man that the Confederacy had undoubtedly "gone up," they concluded to quit their barbarian life and surrender. They marched to the city yesterday morning, with their muskets and accoutrements, stacked arms in front of headquarters, sent in word that they were the remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia, and that they wished to surrender upon the conditions accorded to Lee and the main body. Col. Milton assented to their request, and gave them transportation to their homes, and bade them adieu.

The illustrious four roamed about town for a short time, had new suits given them, and, after being made about half drunk, embarked on the Southern train for their homes.

The Real Devils.

In my own experience, the cases that I have most dreaded of among those who have come to me for spiritual help, have been persons that were nervously sick. I could do them no good, because I could not reach the conditions of their body. If a person drink green tea, which is like the quintessence of a thousand needlepointe in its effects on a man's nerves, what is the use of his coming to me with complaints about blue devils? They are not blue devils, but *green devils!* If a man gorges and oppresses his stomach, and so overlays the keys of life—for the keys of life are located in the stomach, as the keys of the piano and the organ are located in their appropriate places in those instruments—and he comes to me for deliverance from temptations, or for the removal of obscurities that stand between his soul and God, unless I can have control of that man's habits of eating, what can I do for him?—*H. W. Beecher.*

☞ A German diplomatist, when no longer young, was paying court to a very charming Englishwoman, and, with the cumbrous gallantry of his race, besought permission to kiss her hand. The lady languidly assenting, resigned her hand, and the German mumbled at it for a minute or two. The ceremony over, came the question: "And that really gives you pleasure, Monsieur?" to which he replied with much effusion of sentiment and a rapturous assent. "I wish I could say as much!" was the almost pathetic exclamation of the lady.

☞ A woman will tolerate tobacco smoke in a man she likes—and even say she likes it; and yet, curiously enough, how she dislikes it in a man she dislikes!

☞ Prentice, at this late day, discovers that Cleopatra was decidedly a woman of Marc.

☞ Portions of Algeria have been devastated by the locusts. An Algiers letter says: You see one day splendid gardens and luxuriant vegetation, the next not a leaf or low blade of grass is to be discovered. You might fancy yourself in the midst of winter, or rather one might imagine that a fire had devastated the country.

☞ The Chasm that giddily separates old friendships—Sarcasm.

☞ A coarse, ill-natured fellow died one day, and his friends assembled at his funeral, but no one had a good word to say about the deceased. Even at the grave all was silent. At length a good hearted German, as he turned to go home, said, "Vell, he vas a goot schmoker."

☞ A fibre of silk a mile long weighs but twelve grains, so that there are 584 miles of fibre in a pound avoirdupois.

☞ Don't Do It.—Mr. Hotten, in London, will shortly issue a little volume, entitled "Advice to Parties about to Marry," written and appropriately illustrated by the Hon. Hugh Rowley. The chief part of Mr. Rowley's "advice" may be summed up in three words—"*don't do it.*" The book, however, is a humorous one.

☞ The late Rev. Dr. R had a somewhat lofty manner of expressing himself. In the course of visiting his parish, he called at the cottage of an elderly female, who familiarly invited him to "come in by and sit doun." The doctor, who expected a more respectful salutation, said, in stately tones, intended to check any further attempt at familiarity: "I am a servant of the Lord, come to speak with you on the concerns of your soul." "Then ye'll be humble like your Maister," admirably rejoined the cottager. The doctor felt the reproof deeply, and never again sought to magnify himself at the expense of his office.

☞ It is said that a hen cannot or will not set on a nest with any small, bright colored rag tied to her tail feathers.

☞ It is said, as the reason why Fiery died so easily, that the cap was humanely chloroformed by the executioner. Why should not this always be done?

Bullet Proof Cloth.—It is announced in the Belgian newspapers that a certain M. Barnard has invented a species of cloth which is bullet-proof. At a recent shooting festival in Belgium he submitted it to one of the best possible tests, by standing fire himself at a hundred yards distance, after first showing that he had nothing under his bullet-proof cloak but ordinary clothing. A conical ball from a rifle struck him in the breast, flattened, and fell at his feet, and picking it up he exhibited it to the astonished spectators. His face was covered with a steel helmet, and the cloak reached to the ground. Not yet having secured a patent for his cloth, he, of course, would not permit any one to examine its texture closely. Such is the report that comes to us in a late foreign mail, and if true, the famous "needle gun" has met its match.

CHOLERA.

A Certain Cure for this Disease may be found in the use of

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER!

Manhattan, Kansas, April 17, 1866.

Gentlemen— * * I want to say a little more about the Pain Killer. I consider it a very valuable Medicine, and always keep it on hand. I have travelled a good deal since I have been in Kansas, and never without taking it with me. In my practice I used it freely for the Asiatic Cholera in 1849, and with better success than any other medicine. I also used it here for the cholera in 1855, with the same good results. Yours truly, A. HUNTING, M. D.

* * * "I regret to say that the Cholera has prevailed here of late to a fearful extent. For the last three weeks, from ten to fifty or sixty fatal cases each day have been reported. I should add that the Pain Killer sent recently from the Mission House has been used with considerable success during the epidemic. If taken in season, it is generally effectual in checking the disease.

"Rev. CHARLES HARDING,
"Sholapore, India."

This certifies that I have used Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer, with great success, in cases of cholera infantum, common bowel complaint, bronchitis, coughs, colds, &c., and would cheerfully recommend it as a valuably family medicine.

Rev. JAMES C. BOOMER.

Messrs. Perry Davis & Son:—Dear Sirs—Having witnessed the beneficial effects of your Pain Killer in several cases of Dysentery and Cholera Morbus within a few months past, and deeming it an act of benevolence to the suffering, I would most cheerfully recommend its use to such as may be suffering from the aforementioned or similar diseases as a safe and effectual remedy.

Rev. EDWARD K. FULLER.

☞ As an internal remedy Perry Davis' Pain Killer has no equal. In cases of colic, summer complaint, dyspepsia, dysentery, asthma, and rheumatism, it will cure in one night, by taking it internally, and bathing with it freely. It is the best liniment in America. Its action is like magic, when externally applied to bad sores, burns, scalds and sprains. For the sick headache and toothache, don't fail to try it. In short, it is a Pain Killer. sep1-2t

No Disappointment. Never Fails.

"Itch"	Cures in from 12 to 48 hours.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Swayne's Ointment	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Swayne's Ointment	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Cures	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Itching Piles,	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Salt-rheum, Scald-head, Rash,	"Tetter."
"Itch"	all Skin Diseases.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Price 50 cents.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	By sending 60 cents to	"Tetter."
"Itch"	Dr. Swayne & Son,	"Tetter."
"Itch"	No. 330 North Sixth St., Phila.	"Tetter."
"Itch"	A box will be sent by mail, post-	"Tetter."
"Itch"	age paid, to any address.	"Tetter."

Sold by all the leading Druggists. mar24-eowtf

Moth and Freckles.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists, and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $2. jel0-6m

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is very little demand for export. Sales 1,000 bbls northwest family at from $11@12,50 ₩ bbl; $7,50@9 for superfine; $9@10,50 for old and fresh ground extra; $11@13 for old stock and fresh ground Penna and Ohio family; $11@12,50 for common and fancy northwest family, and $13@16 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Sales Rye Flour at $6,75@6 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat continues dull. Sales reach about 30,000 bus, including 15,000 bus prime new southern red at $2,30@2,35; 5,000 bus new Penna red at $2,25@2,30, mostly at the former rate, and 4,000 bus old and new spring at $2 35@2,40 ₩ bus. White ranges at from $2,90@3 per bus, as to quality. Rye—2,000 bus western sold at $1,07, and 1,000 bus Penna in lots at $1,15@1,16 ₩ bus. Corn—9,000 bus prime yellow sold at 91@93c and 20,000 bus mixed western at 90@92c ₩ bus. Oats—33,000 bus new southern sold at 51@52c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market continues inactive; small sales of new Mess Pork are making at $23,75@24 ₩ bbl; 50 bbls clear at $27; Prime Mess at $21, and Prime at $20 ₩ bbl. Mess Beef; sales at $18@21 for Western, and $23@25 for city packed. Beef Hams are held at $17@19. Bacon; sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 22@24c; Sides at 20@20½c; and Shoulders at 17½@17½c. Green Meats; sales of 400 tcs Hams in pickle, at 19½@20c; and Shoulders in part, at 16½c. Lard; sales of 300 bbls and tcs at 21@21½c, and kegs at 22½c. Butter; small sales at 21@31c ₩ lb. Cheese; sales at 17@19c. Eggs sell at 26@28c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—1400 bales of middlings sold in lots at 31½@33c for uplands, and 35@36c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Small sales of No 1 Quercitron are making at $35 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Yellow sells at 40@41c ₩ lb.

COAL continues dull; cargo sales are making at $5,75@6 for White Ash, and $6@6,50 ₩ ton for Red Ash.

FEATHERS—Sales of Western at 64@65c ₩ lb for common and choice quality.

FRUIT—Sales of Green Apples are making at $2,50@5 ₩ bbl. New dried Apples sell at 15@15c ₩ lb.

HOPS—Small sales of new Eastern and Western have been reported at 40@70c as to quality.

SEEDS—Flaxseed is in good demand. 400 bus sold at $3,75@3,80 ₩ bus. Cloverseed—540 bus sold at $6,50@7,50 ₩ 64 lbs. Timothy—940 bus sold at from $3,50 to $4,50 ₩ bus for fair to prime.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum sells at $2,37@2,55 ₩ gallon. Whiskey—sales of Pennsylvania bbls at $2,37@2,38, and Ohio at $2,40 per gallon.

TALLOW—Small lots are reported at 12@12½c for city rendered, and country at 11½c ₩ lb.

WOOL—There is rather more doing in the way of sales. 200,000 lbs sold in lots, at prices ranging from 60@65c for extra; 60@63 for fine; 55@60 for medium; 50@55c for coarse; 55@60c for inferior tub washed; 55@60c for good do; 50@55c for extra Western pulled, and 40@45c ₩ lb for No 1 Western pulled, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from 17@17½ cts ₩ lb, 230 lots brought from 850 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 6½@6½c ₩ lb. 1500 Hogs sold at from $15,00@15,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

"Harvest Time,"—the harvest time of life, as well as of the season—is the appropriate steel engraving of the August number of this beautiful periodical. The double and finely colored steel fashion plate is a gem, as usual. Then we have the usual number of wood-cuts illustrating the "Street Arabs," and the latest fashions in dresses, bonnets, hats, &c. The music is the song of "Childhood and Home." Among the literary contributions, we note "One Summer's Romance," by Clara Augusta; "The Banshee," by Mrs. Hosmer; "The Disputed Patrimony," by Auber Forestier; "The Distressed Bachelor," (concluded,) by Mrs. Oliphant; Novelties, Receipts, Fashions, &c. Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 3 copies (and one *gratis*) $6. Specimen numbers will be sent for 15 cents. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Female Complaints should be cured, as they surely can be, by a few doses of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. sep3-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th of Aug., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. James Hallenstadt, Jr., to Miss Harriet Allen, both of this city.

On the 20th of June, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. Henry M. Murphey to Miss Rachel A. Klein, both of this city.

On the 26th of Aug., by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, D. D., Thomas Carson to Mary Yeakle.

On the 22d of Aug., by the Rev. Jos. E. Smith, Mr. John M. Clayton to Miss Ella Kincaid, both of this city.

On the 15th of June, by the Rev. Geo. W. Brindle, Alfred J. Hurlife to Miss Hannah S. Lord, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th of Aug., Mrs. Elizabeth Chambers, aged 67 years.

On the 27th of Aug., Rebecca Leckey, aged 40 years.

On the 26th of Aug., Mrs. Ann Danby, aged 75 years.

On the 20th of Aug., Ezra Chambers, in his 57th year.

On the 26th of Aug., Robert Brown, in his 71st year.

On the 25th of Aug., Amanda F. Fisher, in her 46th year.

On the 26th of Aug., Mr. William Seddinger, in his 54th year.

On the 24th of Aug., Elizabeth K Stackhouse, in her 35th year.

On the 24th of Aug., George J. Gaul, in his 41st year.

On the 24th of Aug., Rev. William Rhoads, aged 61 years.

THE JUBILATE.

BY L. O. EMERSON. JUST PUBLISHED.

IS THE BEST BOOK for Choirs, Schools, Societies, Conventions, Practice, Social Singing, Families and all Singers. Suited to all Denominations, Occasions and Capacities, in its Exercises, Glees, Part-Songs &c., its Anthems and Sentences, its Chants and Selections and its Great Variety of Hymn Tunes. Price $1.38. Sent, post-paid.

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P. S. PETERSON & Co.,

(Late Withers & Peterson,)

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STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.

STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

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DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points. my9-1y

$1500 per year, paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me., or Chicago, Ill. sep8-3m

DR. GEORGE W. FREED, ELECTRICAL PHYSICIAN.

Electricity, a sovereign remedy for the relief of suffering humanity is now demonstrated by great discoveries in Electrical science as applied in the treatment of disease, by Dr Freed, having effected many of the most wonderful cures on record, as the living witnesses can testify, by means of this mysterious, ever-present and all-pervading vital element, which can now be directed to any part of the body, thereby removing obstructions that have resisted all other methods of treatment, restoring the electrical action of the laws of life and health of the human system, as is scientifically applied by the advantage of Dr. Freed's Patent Improved Portable Combined Galvanic and Electro-Magnetic Battery for treatment (*which is mild and gentle*) in all the varied forms of disease. Its crowning excellence whispers words of consolation and hope to the afflicted and opens the way for relief. Call and have your case examined. Consultation free. Students instructed. Send for circular of cures effected with references. All letters addressed to

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jy21-3m 1542 North 13th St., Philadelphia.

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Indelibly marked upon your handkerchief, or on silk, satin and cotton material. Full and complete instructions with Photographic Illustrations. The process very simple and easy to practice. Sent for $1. Address C. G. CORWIN,
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$150 A MONTH! New Business for Agents. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me. sep8-3m

SOMETHING NEW TO ADMIRERS of the Beautiful, profitable to the unemployed, and beautiful to the sick and unfortunate. Address, with stamp, for full particulars B. CAMP, 7 Carroll Place, Bleecker St., New York. sep8-4t

CHARLES DUMMIG & CO.'S MUSIC STORE,

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Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

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Is rarely attained, yet

A. B. W. BULLARD'S

IMPROVED OIL SOAP,

FOR REMOVING

GREASE, PAINT, PITCH, & VARNISH

From all Goods of Durable Colors, is ahead of anything yet discovered.

It leaves the Goods soft, and as *perfect* as when new, with no spot upon which dust can collect, as is the case with all the preparations heretofore sold for cleansing goods.

It is Delicately Perfumed,

and entirely free from the disagreeable odor of Benzine and all other resinous fluids.

COUNTERFEITS

of this preparation are extant, *therefore be sure and take* none but that which has the autograph of A. B. W. BULLARD on the label.

Manufactured by the Proprietors,

A. B. W. BULLARD & CO.,
WORCESTER, MASS.

General Agents,

GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

☞ For sale by all Druggists. aug1-3m

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IMPROVED

$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5

THE EMBODIMENT OF PRACTICAL UTILITY AND EXTREME SIMPLICITY

Originally patented May 13th, 1862; Improvement patented June 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, and *works horizontal*, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS. Makes the RUNNING-STITCH more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN STITCHES to each evolution of the Wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, BRAID, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has taken the PREMIUM at STATE FAIRS, and received the approval of all the principal journals and of those who have used it. It is the ONLY low priced sewing machine that has received a PREMIUM, or that is PATENTED.

"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"With single or double thread, it silently, yet very rapidly, makes the stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted everywhere. Circular, containing Liberal Inducements, sent Free. Address all orders,

FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO.,
Junes3-3m Office, 102 Nassau St., New York.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway, running to and from the Depot. The last car leaves Front Street about 30 minutes prior to the departure of each Train.

On Sundays—Cars leave Eleventh and Market Streets 45 minutes before departure of each Train.

Mann's Baggage Express will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at 8.00	A.M.
DAY EXPRESS	" 10.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	" 11.00	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS¶	" 12.00	M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 2.30	P. M.
LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	" 5.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL*¶	" 9.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 3	" 10.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	" 11.10	"

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS†	at 12.40	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS‡	" 7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	" 8.20	"
COLUMBIA TRAIN	" 9.00	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE	" 1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	" 4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 5.50	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 3	" 7.30	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 9.50	"

*Daily, except Saturday. †Daily. ‡Daily, except Monday. All other Trains daily, except Sunday.

¶Running through from Philadelphia to Pittsburg and Erie without change of cars.

Sunday Accommodation Trains for Paoli and intermediate stations leave Philadelphia at 9.00 A. M. and 7 00 P. M., returning leave Paoli at 6.50 A. M. and 4.50 P. M.

A TICKET OFFICE

is located at No 631 Chestnut Street, where Tickets to all important points may be procured, and full information given by JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent.

Also at 31st and Market Streets, on application to THOMAS H. PARKE, Ticket Agent at the Depot.

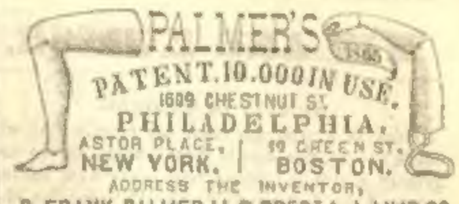
An Emigrant Train runs daily (except Sunday) For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,
No. 137 Dock Street.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract. ap7-9m

☞ Freckles, Tan and Pimples, ☜

REMOVED at once, by the use of "UPHAM'S Freckle, Tan and Pimple Banisher." Price, 50 Cents. Mailed to any address for 75 Cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth Street Philadelphia. Sold by all Druggists. aug11-3m

WHISKERS.—A HEAVY BEARD is guaranteed in five weeks to all who use Russell's ITALIAN COMPOUND. Price, by mail, 50 cents. RUSSELL & CO., Drawer 296, Watertown, N. Y. sep1-3m



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These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

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Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

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Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. nov6-cowly

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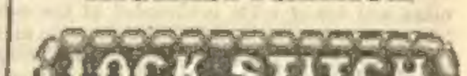

SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$45
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	60
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$60
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	70
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for The Lady's Friend and The Saturday Evening Post—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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FOR LADIES, GENTLEMEN & CHILDREN

N. E. Cor. of 9th and Arch Sts., Phila.

Open Every Day and Evening all Summer.

Bodily exercise imparts health and strength, the best preventives against sickness during the coming summer. Classes for ladies—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, between 4 and 6 P. M. For boys—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, between 4 and 6 P. M. For gentlemen—every day from 6 A. M to 10 P. M. je23-3m Profs. HILLEBRAND & LEWIS.

WHISKERS.

DR. LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will force Whiskers or Mustaches on the smoothest face or chin never known to fail. Sample for trial sent free. Address, REEVES & CO., sep1-3m No. 78 Nassau St., New York.

MAGEE'S PRINTING OFFICE, BLANK Book Bindery, STATIONERY STORE, and ENVELOPE Manufactory, 316 CHESTNUT Street, Philadelphia. mar26-3m

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed for* 50 Cents. Three *for* $1 00. Address F. P. BOWEN, dec17-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Surgery in Georgia.

Here is a passage from an epistle that will make the reader laugh "somedele," or we are greatly mistaken: Some ten years ago, having received my diploma from the Philadelphia Medical School, I started off, and in a few weeks had set up in the northern part of Georgia a shingle, whereby I tendered my services as Physician and Surgeon.

A few days after, as I was engaged in the preparation of divers medicines, the door of my office was opened, and a tall, brawny specimen of the genus homo entered.

Apparently quite at his ease, he pulled off his battered castor, and stepping up to a small mirror, passed his hand over an enormous mass of fiery hair, and complacently remarked:

"There's a head o' har for you! what do you think of that?"

Having expressed my admiration thereof, he removed his coat, and ensconcing himself in my arm chair, said—

"Well, stranger, you can jist go to work and mow off a couple o' pounds! It's comin' on hot now, and the swamps is a mighty peaky place for breedin' the critters!"

I blandly replied that I was exceedingly sorry, but that really I could hardly enumerate hair-cutting among my accomplishments.

"What," said he, regarding me with a look of huge contempt, "what! let on to be a surgin, and can't cut har!"

And so, resuming his hat and coat, he strode disdainfully away. Not long after, just as I was congratulating myself on being so well rid of him, the door opened again, and my customer reappeared, with a visage highly inflamed with alcoholic beverages.

"Look here, stranger!" said he, fiercely, "maybe you hold yourself too good to cut my har!"

I immediately and eagerly disclaimed any such feeling, and he soon departed, after having remarked, while gently tapping the horn-handle of his bowie—"I'm cussed ef it ain't well you don't, or pre-haps I might have done a little cuttin' myself!"

If he had come again, I should have cut his hair gratis.

Button-Holes on Both Sides.

A gentleman in Charleston, who entertained a good deal of company at dinner, had a black as an attendant, who was a native of Africa, and never could be taught to hand things invariably to the left hand of the guests at table. At length, his master thought of an infallible expedient to direct him, and as the coats were then worn in Charleston single-breasted, in the present Quaker fashion, he told him always to hand the plate to the button-hole side. Unfortunately, however, for the poor fellow, on the day after he had received this ingenious lesson, there was among the guests at dinner a foreign gentleman, with a double-breasted coat, and he was for a while completely at a stand. He looked first at one side of the gentleman's coat, then at the other, and finally, quite confounded at the outlandish make of the stranger's garment, he cast a despairing look at his master, and exclaiming in a loud voice, "Buttons on both sides, massa," handed the plate right over the gentleman's head.

Couldn't Get His Baggage.

A contemporary states that a gentleman who holds a responsible position under the government concluded to change his lodgings. He sent one of the waiters of the hotel where he had selected apartments after his baggage.

Meeting the waiter an hour or two afterwards, he said,—

"Well, John, did you bring my baggage down?"

"No, sar!" blandly responded the sable gentleman.

"Why, what was the reason?"

"Case, sar, the gentleman in the office said you had not paid your bill."

"Not paid my bill? Why, that's singular; he knew me very well when he kept the Girard House, in Philadelphia."

"Well, mebbee," rejoined John, thoughtfully, scratching his head, "dat was de reason he wouldn't gib me de baggage."

The gentleman laughed and paid his bill.

A Streak Ahead of Noah.

A dispute once arose between two Scotchmen, named Campbell and M'Lean, upon the antiquity of their families. The latter would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the M'Leans in antiquity, who, he insisted, were in existence as a clan since the beginning of the world. Campbell had a little more Biblical knowledge than his antagonist, and asked him if the clan of the M'Leans was before the flood.

"Flood! what flood?" asked M'Lean.

"The flood, you know, that drowned all the world but Noah and his family, and his flock," said Campbell.

"Pooh! you and your flood," said M'Lean; "my clan was afore the flood."

"I have not read in my Bible," said Campbell, 'of the name of M'Lean going into 'Noah's ark.'"

"Noah's ark!" retorted M'Lean, in contempt. "Who ever heard o' a M'Lean that hadn't a boat o' his ain?"

KOVEL WAY OF ADMINISTERING A DOSE.—Simpson, the actor, would never take medicine, and his medical man was often obliged to resort to some strategem to impose a dose upon him. There is a play in which the hero is sentenced, in prison, to drink a cup of poison. Simpson was playing this character one night, and had given directions to have the cup filled with port wine; but what was his horror, when he came to drink it, to find that it contained a dose of senna! He could not throw it away, as he had to hold the goblet upside down, to show his persecutors he had drained every drop of it. Simpson drank the medicine with the slowness of a poisoned martyr; but he never forgave his medical man, as was proved at his death, for he died without paying his bill.

A TRUTHFUL ANSWER.—Bunkum, in the old North State, is undoubtedly the healthiest spot on earth, and it was on that account that some "lower country gentlemen" were surprised one day to see a Bunkumite at work upon an ominous looking "hole in the ground." Of course they inquired what he was about?

"Digging a grave, sir."

"Digging a grave! Why, I thought people didn't die often here—do they?"

"Oh, no, sir, 'they never die but once!'"

They never asked that question "but once."

THE MILITARY BALL.

MAMMA.—"Now, miss, have you written down the distinctions of rank on your card, as I told you?"

ALICE.—"Yes, ma."

MAMMA.—"Very well, then, recollect you've no excuse this time; and if I catch you dancing with any one below a captain, you don't go out for a month!"

ANECDOTE OF A CONTRABAND.—A captain in one of the Maine regiments at Port Royal had a colored servant named Tally, who talked very bravely when spoken to about joining the colored brigade. To test his courage, the captain told him that he was about to visit the main land, and asked Tally if he would go with him and help fight the rebels. Tally, after scratching his head and rubbing his shins a few moments, replied:—

"Dun know 'bout dat, boss; I'se over on de main a short spell ago, an' trus' de Lord tew get me ober here, an' he done it; but I dun dare risk him again, boss."—*Frank Moore's "Anecdotes of the War."*

COUSINS' TALK.—"No, Amy, you're quite wrong. I never was refused in all my life."

"Oh, Tom, how can you say so? Why, there was Louie Simpson—"

"I tell you again, you're wrong, completely wrong. It's true, I was 'declined with thanks' once—but I never was refused."

☞ Speaking of a young man who is in the habit of serenading young ladies of that city, the Selma Messenger says: "For having heard him declare in tuneful strains to each of six young ladies in one evening, that she was 'all the world' to him, we can safely indorse him as the most 'harmonious lyre' of our acquaintance."

☞ "Well, Mr. Robinson, and how does your son get on with his violin?" "Astonishingly. There were fourteen of us all playing together last night, and he took the lead." "Capital! Admirable!" "Yes, and he kept it up so well, sir, that none of us could catch him."

CHEAP WATER COOLER.—The editor of the Scientific American recommends, from practical experience, the following simple method of keeping ice-water for a long time in a common pitcher, thus obviating the necessity of purchasing a "cooler," the expense of which would keep a family in ice the greater part of the summer. Place between two sheets of paper (newspaper will answer, thick brown is better,) a layer of cotton batting, about half an inch in thickness; fasten the ends of paper and batting together, forming a circle: then sew or paste a crown over one end, making a box the shape of a stove pipe hat, minus the rim. Place this over a pitcher filled with ice-water, making it deep enough to rest on the table so as to exclude the air—and the reader will be astonished at the length of time his ice will keep, and the water remain cold after the ice has melted.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SMALL FRUITS.

The fears of several thousand of timid cultivators of the soil that the growing of small fruits will soon become an overdone avocation, and the teachings of two or three agricultural papers in the same direction, are errors in judgment, and injudicious teachings. Live five years longer, bear in mind our declaration, and you will say—"You were right, sir." The production of all the small fruits *cannot be overdone* these twenty years. The taste for strawberries, cherries, currants, gooseberries, blackberries, raspberries, and cranberries, is rapidly becoming more popular every year, and to keep pace with the fast increasing demand, a great many people more than are at present engaged in the enterprise must plant and propagate ten times faster than they are doing, or have ever done.

The present year, all the small fruits have been sold at better prices in all markets throughout the country than they ever commanded before. And this excessive price has not been the result of short supplies either as a general rule, as the same schedule of high prices has obtained in many of our markets in the neighborhood of which berries, and all sorts of small fruits, have been as abundant as they ever were.

The growing of all the smaller fruits and berries is a profitable business. That of strawberries, blackberries, and raspberries, especially so, yielding as they do, large dividends on small investments for stock, requiring but little care compared with the usual field crops, occupying comparatively small space; and then a great deal of the care, culture, picking, and preparing for market may be performed by the small chaps, male and female, as well as the invalided and crippled of both sexes, whose services are not available at any other kind of farm or garden labor. Besides all these advantages, there is that of quick returns, as a plat set to berries at the proper season and under correct conditions will afford a full yield the second year, paying all the cost of stock and preparation, and a large interest besides on the investments. Let us see—

A fair average crop of raspberries in the second year, if properly planted and cared for, will be about sixty-five bushels, or two thousand and ninety-six quarts per acre, which at twenty-five cents per quart—which is below the average at which the fruit has been sold by the producer the present season—gives $524, or $262 per year per acre. Then the canes will go on bearing maximum crops with judicious management and small outlay for six years, making the average net profits per acre not less than $250 per annum. A great many raspberry patches pay larger dividends than this, not infrequently four, five, and six hundred dollars net profits are realized in a season from a single acre of raspberries.

Until better educated in strawberry, blackberry, and raspberry culture, we shall not presume to advise in the premises, beyond suggesting that now is the time to begin to think seriously upon the subject, and all such as contemplate pocketing liberal bounty money by enlisting early in the army of small fruit growers, should begin to consult good authorities upon the subject, which they will find in several of our able journals devoted to gardening, horticulture, etc.

We are only going to say positively in conclusion, that the very best fertilizer for strawberries, and all the brier berries, is the waste cuttings and clippings, gathered while green and buried in damp soil, where they rapidly decompose. These of course will not make up sufficient material; but mixed with one-fourth their bulk as transformed into mold, of wood-ashes, and half the bulk of bone in the finest state of comminution to which it can be reduced, the best possible fertilizer for berries and all the shrub fruits will be obtained.

IRON IN AGRICULTURE.

Fifty years ago the man would have been pronounced mad who had the hardihood to face the scientific world with the declaration that iron was in any sense a necessity of plant life and vigor. Less than sixteen years since the leading scientific journal in our country—or its editor, laughed at the man who claimed that iron was one of, perhaps the best tonic and invigorator for plants, in existence. This year the laugh is against the scientific editor, or would be, if any one had remembered his ridicule of the iron idea.

Iron in one form or another enters into and makes one of the constituents of almost all plants, in some, to such an extent that the term "iron constitution" would be justly applicable to them. Nearly all fruit-bearing trees require considerable iron, and the supply of the mineral in the soil failing, the trees become languid, fall sick, and finally die.

Humanity and vegetation are not so essentially different in anatomical construction and vital arrangement, but that the material which makes food and remedial agents for man, just as certainly makes aliment and medicine for plants. The able physician finding in his patient a wasting of the vital energies, torpid circulation, and prostration of the nervous system, very properly prescribes some form of iron; and just as properly, finding our fruit trees failing—first fruiting feebly, then giving evidence of weakness and decay, we should supply that material which the exhausted soil is failing to give them. For several of the ills to which our peach trees are especially liable, iron is probably a specific, both preventive and curative.

Scientific and practical men and journals in Europe are beginning to bestir themselves in earnest in favor of iron as a vegetable invigorator and promoter of rapid, healthy growth in a great variety of grains, plants, and trees. From experiments of our own, and observations of results of those made by others, we are of the opinion that old hoops, rusty nails, any odds and ends and scraps of old iron affording oxide, dug in about the roots of sickly peach trees, at any season of the year, will prove a "Ready Relief," regenerating, and if not too far gone in a decline, restoring to health and vigor the ailing tree. The remedy costs nothing, the labor but little, and those having favorite valuable trees in a decline would do well to test the iron rule.

WHITE BERRIES.

In south-western Louisiana and Texas they have a very superior, delicious berry of the blackberry family, only as they are a beautiful creamy white when ripe, they are not properly a "*white-blackberry*," as some of our horticultural savants call them—but simply a white berry. We received one day this week, from a friend in Vermont, a box of the berries, in prime condition, size large and very uniform, the flavor fully equal to any berry, white or black, we have ever tasted.

Our friend, who is not a horticulturist strictly, and has no *White Berry* plants to dispose of, writes:—"I have cultivated these berries successfully since 1862, out doors, exposed to all our Vermont vicissitudes, with no more care than is required by our native briers. They are strong growers, liberal bearers, and I believe will prove entirely hardy in all our northern regions where the ordinary blackberry thrives."

Judging from what we have seen of the berry in its nativity, the sample from Vermont and the foregoing report, we should say that the *White Berry* would be a valuable acquisition to our list of small fruits.

GATHERED GRAINS.

—— Tennesseans are telling us triumphantly by letter, that they are certainly going to harvest by very large odds, the largest corn-crop ever grown in that state.

—— Some statistical mathematician, who had better have been employed cultivating corn, has been figuring up that the Illinois corn-crop of the present year, if manufactured into Johnny cakes 6+10+1¼ inches each, would build a continuous *stone* wall nine feet thick and eleven feet high, to the moon, and 40,000 miles of the distance back; and would feed everybody in this world four days.

—— They are beginning to turn out two hundred and fifty acre cotton-fields in Illinois. Corn will have to evacuate the Sucker state one of these days—falling back before the cotton staple.

—— In all Eastern Pennsylvania, Mary'and, Delaware, and West Jersey, the intention of farmers is to seed a much wider breadth to wheat and rye than has been put in on any previous year.

RECEIPTS.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—The blackberries must all be full ripe and without blemish. Measure them, and to every quart of fruit allow a quart of clear soft water. Boil the water by itself. Put the blackberries into a clean tub, and mash them with a wooden beetle or a mallet. When the water has boiled, pour it on the blackberries, and let it stand till next morning in a cool place, stirring it occasionally. Then press out all the juice, measure it, and to every quart of liquid allow half a pound of sugar. Put the sugar into a cask, and strain the liquid upon it through a linen bag. Stir it frequently till the sugar is thoroughly dissolved. Let the cask remain unstopped till the liquor has done working. Then add half an ounce of isinglass, or an ounce of gum-arabic, dissolved in a little hot water. You may substitute for the isinglass or gum-arabic the beaten whites of four eggs. Keep it open till next day; then bung it. It may be bottled in two months. Raspberry wine may be made as above; black currant wine also.

GOOSEBERRY CHAMPAGNE.—Take large, fine gooseberries, that are full-grown, but not yet beginning to turn red; and pick off their tops and tails. Then weigh the fruit, and allow a gallon of clear, soft water to every three pounds of gooseberries. Put them into a large, clean tub; pour on a little of the water; pound and mash them thoroughly with a wooden beetle; add the remainder of the water, and give the whole a hard stirring. Cover the tub with a cloth, and let it stand four days; stirring it frequently and thoroughly, to the bottom. Then strain the liquid, through a coarse linen cloth, into another vessel; and to each gallon of liquid add four pounds of fine loaf sugar; and to every five gallons a quart of the best and clearest French brandy. Mix the whole well together; and put it into a clean cask, that will just hold it, as it should be filled full. Place the cask on its side, in a cool, dry part of the cellar; and lay the bung loosely on the top. Secure the cask firmly in its place, so that it cannot, by any chance, be shaken or moved; as the least disturbance will injure the wine. Let it work for a fortnight, or more; till the fermentation is quite over, and the hissing has ceased. Then bottle it; driving in the corks tightly. Lay the bottles on their sides. In six months it will be fit for drinking, and will be found as brisk as real champagne.

BLACKBERRY PUDDING.—Take a quart of blackberries, six large apples peeled and sliced in thin pieces, half a pound of sugar, and three or four slices of lemon peel; make a light paste, line a deep dish, and fill it with the above ingredients, and let the pudding boil steadily for one hour. A little grated nutmeg, with a small cup of sweet cream upon it, will render it a most delicious viand.

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.—Squeeze the juice from the berries, and to every pint of juice add one pint of water, and to every quart of this mixture put one pint of whiskey or brandy; sweeten to taste; use the best refined sugar; a few spices may be added if liked. This makes a very superior cordial, and improves with age. This receipt answers for strawberries, peaches, wild grapes, etc.

LEMON JUICE IN DIPTHERIA.—Dr. Revillout, in a paper presented last summer to the French Academy of Medicine, asserts that lemon juice is one of the most efficacious medicines that can be applied in diptheria, and he relates that when he was a dresser in the hospital his own life was saved by this timely application. He got three dozen lemons and gargled his throat with the juice, swallowing a little at a time, in order to act on the more deep-seated parts. Dr. R. has noted eleven cases of complete success obtained by this method of treatment.

A CURE FOR CANCER.—A writer in the Philadelphia Evening Journal claims to have an infallible cure for cancer. The recipe is:—The juice of the sheep sorrel pressed, and exposed on a pewter plate in the sun until somewhat jellied. Apply it on the skin over and around the cancer, the application to be continued until its roots loosen and drop out, which will be in the course of three or four days. The ingredients of which the pewter is composed, combining with the acid of the plant, are believed to be important in the compound. The leaves of the sheep-sorrel are what botanists call *sagittate*, which resembles in shape the head of an arrow. The writer also states that he cured his corns by an application of the leaves of the sheep-sorrel to them, which in a few hours softened them so much that they could be peeled off and a cure effected.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 24, 7, 3, 19, is a city of France.
My 29, 25, 16, 20, 9, is what a certain large animal is valued for.
My 10, 20, 30, 27, is a mineral.
My 13, 21, 8, 12, 4, 1, 17, 30, 28, 6, are a race of people in Africa.
My 18, 2, 31, 20, 9, is a county in Virginia.
My 26, 22, 23, 23, 14, is a girl's name.
My 11, 2, 15, 15, 26, 5, was a naval officer in the rebel service.
My whole is a well known adage.

J. L. CAPPS.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 4, 18, 9, 1, 22, 12, was an English poet.
My 20, 3, 9, 21, 13, 12, was an English naval officer.
My 10, 2, 3, 20, 23, 25, 15, is part of a church.
My 6, 14, 4, 16, 26, 11, is a garden plant.
My 17, 22, 19, 1, 2, 3, 23, 2, 3, is what the writer is suffering with at present.
My 5, 12, 16, 20, 24, 4, 14, 7, 21, is of one mind.
My 4, 27, is a pronoun.
My whole was a capital story.

Irwin Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in chestnut, but not in burr.
My 2d is in frankincense, but not in myrrh.
My 3d is in pain, but not in woe.
My 4th is in boat, but not in row.
My 5th is in youth, but not in boy.
My 6th is in plaything, but not in toy.
My 7th is in tease, but not in annoy.
My whole is one of the planets.

EFFIE GRAHAME.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A globe of wood 2 feet in diameter fell from an eminence 60 feet above the surface of a lake; if the water is deep enough to destroy the globe's velocity, to what depth did the globe sink, admitting the density of the air, water and the globe to be as the numbers, 1, 1,000 and 10,000 respectively?

Posey Co., Indiana. ELI FLINT.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On a horizontal plane there is a hill in the form of a spherical segment, whose base is 40 rods in diameter, and its altitude or perpendicular height is 16 rods. A road-way winds round this hill, from bottom to top, in such a way that it cuts all the arcs of great circles drawn through the base and vertex at an angle of 30 degrees. Required—the nature of the *curve* the road is, and the whole length of the road from the bottom of the hill to the top.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is better than presence of mind in a railroad accident? Ans.—Absence of body.

☞ When is a sailor most like a thief? Ans.—When he takes a messmate's watch.

☞ Why would a lady who stays at home all the year round be likely to prove herself a false relation to her nephew? Ans.—Because she is not a *true ant.*

☞ What is that which every man can divide, but no one can see where it has been divided? Ans.—Water.

☞ Why does a coat get larger when taken out of a carpet-bag? Ans.—Because when taken out you find it *in-creases.*

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—I call the living—I mourn the dead—I break the lightning. CHARADE—Idaho (eye-day-hoe) DOUBLE REBUS—Jupiter and Mercury. (Jam—unite—pear—Isaac—tu—Emir—ruby.)

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of June 23d:—the *curves* are called "*Curves of Pursuit.*" The pigeon flew 80 miles an hour, and had flown 195 miles when caught; the hawk had flown 210 miles and the eagle 552 miles.—Artemas Martin.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date: 140.296118673941866485824 cubic inches.—J. M. Greenwood. 140 292 x cubic inches.—Henry R. Spink.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of July 7th:—10.71 feet.—W. H. Morrow, Artemas Martin, J. M. Greenwood. 10 feet and 8.528 x inch.—H. R. Spink.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of July 14th:—1—2—3.—W. H. Morrow, J. M. Greenwood, A. Martin, Eureka, and J. S. Paulus.

WHAT DO YOUNG MEN MARRY?—Some young men marry dimples; some ears; some noses: the contest, however, generally lies between the eyes and the hair. The mouth, too, is occasionally married; the chin not so often. Poor partners, these, you will own. But young men do marry all these, and many other bits and scraps of a wife, instead of the true thing. Such is as the marriage is, such is the after life. He that would have a wife if he can meet with one of equal social position, like education, similar disposition, kindred sympathies, and habits congenial to his own, let him marry. But let him beware of marrying a curl or neck, however swan-like, or a voice, however melodious. Young ladies do also make some queer matches, and unite themselves to whiskers.

☞ *Teacher*—What part of speech is the word egg? *Boy* (hesitating)—None, sir. *Teacher*—Is it masculine, feminine, or neuter? *Boy* (looking sharp)—Can't say till it's hatched. *Teacher*—Well, then, my lad, can you tell me the case? *Boy* (quickly)—O, yes, it's the shell, sir.